No. XLII. April, 1892.

THE

Manchester Quarterly

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

OF

LITERATURE AND ART.

Contents:

PUBLISHED FOR

THE MANCHESTER LITERARY CLUB

BY

JOHN HEYWOOD,

DEANSGATE AND RIDGEFIELD, MANCHESTER;

2, AMEN CORNER, LONDON, E.C.

Price One Shilling.

N. 8.

Del Sgr Cav. Amadeo Wolfg. Mozart
nel giorno 1775 à Salzburgo

Concerto di Campanelli

figure
Handschrift

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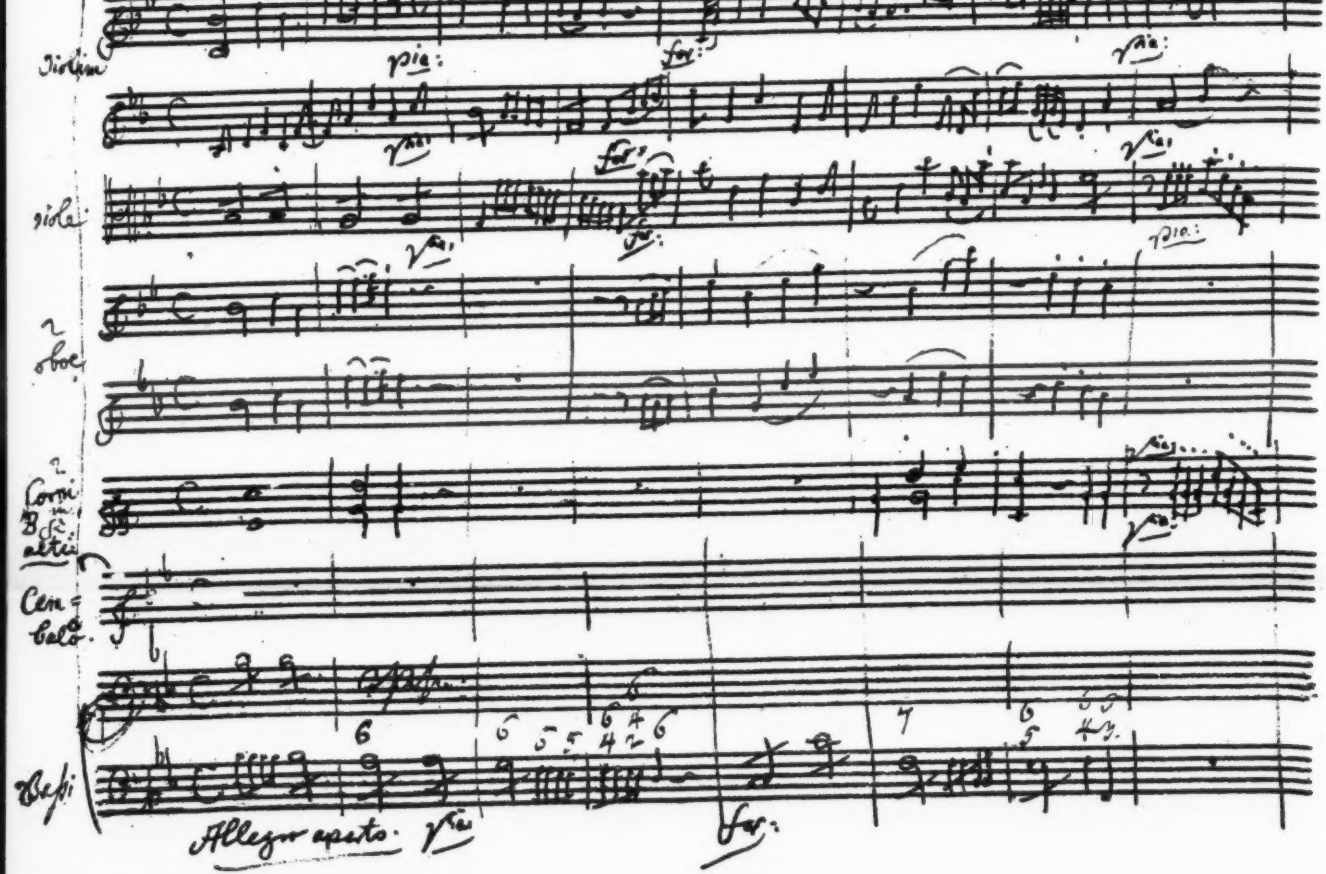
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N. 8. CONCERTO DI CEMBALO. In B Flat.

Del. Sgr. Cav. Amadee Wolfgang Mozart, nel gennaro 1776, à Salzburg.

The original MS. of this lithographic copy belongs to Mr. Cornish, of St. Ann's Square. It was previously in the possession of his uncle—the late Mr. Thos. Kerslake—the well-known Bristol bookseller.

Dr. Watson was deputed to examine the music brought from the west of England, as there were grounds for expecting that some of Handel's MS. would be discovered. That expectation was not realised, but a real treasure was unearthed when several MSS. of the immortal Mozart were brought to light, this Concerto being one of them.

It is by the courtesy and kindness of Mr. Cornish that this fac-simile is here inserted.

MOZART. 1756—1791.

BY ROBERT PEEL.

THE following lines, by Joseph Bennett, quoted from the "Musical Times," of December, 1891, are a worthy tribute to the memory of Mozart, and may fittingly serve as an introduction to this paper:—

A hundred years ago!
Tread softly and speak low
Thou midnight roysterer, wined and gay!
Behold, where a sick-room taper's ray
On window pane sheds feeble light,
That glimmers in the face of night;
So weak and faint the glow,
It scarce can keep the assailing dark at bay.

. . . . . .

. . . where fades from a paling face
The light of Life—where the dark of Death
Deepens with every labouring breath,
And a last fluttering sigh
Shows that release has come by Heaven's sweet grace.

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Beyond the town
They lay him down;
But oh! the shame!—'tis done by hireling's hand!
Through every land
Shall the story be told with wonder
That God's thunder
Spake not out a stern demand,
Why those who seem'd to love him thence had flown!

. . . . . .

A hundred years have flown!

. . . . . .

With thine own music at this hour
We honour thee. Let it ascend
(Although so late amend)
On high, and there enravish quite
The angel choir, who will with rapt delight
Take up the song. So shall thy genius dower
E'en Heaven itself with strains of godlike power.

It is quite in keeping with the best traditions of literature that notice should be taken of the death of one of the greatest of the world's musicians. Music has been called the twin-sister of poetry; but is not music poetry itself?—the poetry of sound? Yes, and poetry at times of the highest class. Commemorations such as this of the centenary of the death of Mozart which are everywhere taking place, are only accorded to the great ones of the earth; to those who, though dead, still live; to those who, by their work, have added to the sum of human knowledge; to those whose influence still lives to beneficially affect posterity, and whose lamp throws a flood of light on the respective arts with which they were intimately connected. If ever a man could claim the right to a niche in the temple of fame, through having improved and enriched his art, that man was Mozart. His claims to that distinction are undeniable. His influence upon music has been great, but not greater than beneficial. I claim for him—among other things—that he was mainly instrumental in rescuing the opera from becoming a mere vehicle for the display of vocal fireworks, and that by his genius he directed a return to the origin and true purpose of the lyric drama. To him also belongs the merit of largely augmenting the power and effect of the orchestra. In fact, the orchestra as he left it, is, in the main, the orchestra as we find it. He gave it a distinct and separate existence; one may almost say he created it.

These two points I will endeavour to show in my paper. Further—not only was he a prince of harmony, but he was one of the most melodious and beautiful of writers. Melody is the soul—the essence—of music, and few composers have written such lovely, pure, and elevating strains as have flowed from his pen.

The subject of this sketch was born at Salzburg, in Bavaria, on January 27th, 1756. The son of a musician, Leopold Mozart, he was in his earliest infancy environed by influences which tended to quicken and ripen the marvellous gifts with which he was endowed. His father, who became Vice-Kapellmeister to the Prince Archbishop of Salzburg, did not fail to recognise and assist the remarkable genius which his son discovered. Young Wolfgang—the full name in the church register is Joannes Chrysostomus Wolfgangus Theophilus Mozart, the father afterwards added Gottlieb, or, in Latin, Amadeus or Amadeo—was not long before he gave proofs of that astonishing talent for music which made many look upon him as one of those infant prodigies destined to bewilder all who saw him, and then fail to bring his powers to maturity, or die before reaching manhood. As we know, Mozart escaped both these catastrophes. The stories told about the precocity of the boy are so astonishing as to be almost incredible.

In his fourth year his father began to teach him minuets and other pieces on the clavier, the forerunner of our pianoforte, and these he soon played with perfect correctness. In his fifth year he composed and played little pieces, which his father then wrote down in a book, which has been preserved. The following note is appended by his father: "Wolfgangerl learned this minuet in his fourth year."

About a couple of years after this, two friends came to the house of his father to play some trios for two violins

and a bass. Wolfgang wanted to play second violin. His father reproved him, and told him to "go away at once and not to interrupt." But the one who came to take the second violin interceded on his behalf. The father gave way, but said, "Play so as not to be heard, or you will go away at once."

Herr Schachtner, by whose side little Wolfgang had seated himself, soon found that he was superfluous, and put his violin down. The father listened and looked on, as tears of wonder and delight ran down his cheeks. Six trios were thus gone through. This is all the more astonishing because it must have been reading at first sight, and further, young Wolfgang had never received any instruction on the violin.

As may be imagined, it was not long before Leopold Mozart decided to turn to account the precocious talent thus exhibited, and a tour was arranged. Wolfgang and his sister, who was five years older, and who was also gifted with a remarkable talent for music, were taken to Vienna in 1762, Wolfgang then being six years of age.

Anecdotes of young Mozart's genius had excited much interest at Court, and the father was at once commanded to bring his children to the palace. He willingly obeyed the call, and the children exhibited their skill. Their clavier playing surpassed all expectations, and the Emperor took special delight in the "little magician." He enjoyed inventing trials of skill for him. One day he jestingly told him that "playing with *all* his fingers was nothing; playing with one finger was true art." Wolfgang at once played charmingly with one finger. Another time he told him "it was true art to play with the keys covered." A cloth was at once put over the keys, but Wolfgang played with as much confidence and accuracy as if the keyboard could be seen.

This playing with the keyboard covered was afterwards made a feature in young Mozart's playing, for in London, a year or two after, his father in some of the concerts which he gave advertised Wolfgang as playing with the keys covered.

In the following year, being at Munich, he played a concerto on the violin and made a cadenza "out of his own head." Extraordinary as were his performances on the clavier, organ, and violin, they were thrown into the shade by the proofs he gave of his almost incredible musical genius. He not only accompanied all kinds of songs at sight, but he transposed at first sight. At this date Leopold Mozart decided to publish some of Wolfgang's compositions. He accordingly got printed four sonatas for piano and violin, with the announcement on the title-page that they were the work of a child seven years old. This was done at Paris, where the children then were. In the course of this long tour many places were visited, London among the rest. They did not arrive home in Salzburg until 1766.

The Archbishop was sceptical, and refused to believe in Wolfgang's musical ability, so he caused him to be locked up in a room for a week, allowing no one to see him, provided him with a subject, and told him to compose an oratorio. Wolfgang wrote it, and it was publicly performed with much success the following Lent.

In 1768, the Emperor ordered the boy to compose an opera, and intimated that he was to conduct it on the clavier. Well, the command was obeyed, and the opera, "La Finta Simplice," of 25 numbers, covering 558 pages, was produced; but it was not performed, at least, not at that time, for although the parts had been distributed among the singers, and had given satisfaction to them, the opposition of the professional musicians was so strong and

unscrupulous that the chance of a successful public performance was brought to naught. Intrigues were set on foot, and all joined in condemning the music—practically unheard—Glück among the rest. The idea of a boy, twelve years of age, writing an opera superior to anything the majority of them could produce, was more than they could tolerate. In the end, the "stirred up hell of music" prevailed, and after months of weary waiting and fighting, Leopold Mozart gave up the contest. The opposition thus encountered was a foretaste of the difficulties Wolfgang had to battle with practically all his life. The opera was performed eighteen months after at Salzburg, and gained for young Mozart the post of Concertmeister to the Archbishop.

Many more striking instances of Mozart's skill might be adduced, but as the relation of them would be wearisome, I will only mention one. I refer to the wonderful feat of musical ear and memory performed at Rome. Wolfgang and his father arrived in Rome on the Wednesday in Holy Week of 1770. They went at once to the Sistine Chapel to hear Allegri's Miserere. The performance of this piece of music, which was given each year on the Wednesday and Friday in Holy Week, was considered one of the most wonderful in Rome. The copies were said to be jealously guarded, no one being allowed to take his part out of the chapel, or to copy it, or allow it to be copied. Wolfgang listened to the music on the Wednesday, went home, and wrote it down. On the Friday he went again to hear it, and took his manuscript with him. The piece was a second time performed, and Wolfgang, having his copy in his hat, corrected one or two passages in which his memory had not been quite true. The affair got known, and made a great sensation. Wolfgang was called upon to execute the Miserere before Christofori, the papal

singer. He was amazed at its correctness, especially so, seeing that it was arranged alternately for a four and five-part chorus, having a final chorus in nine parts. We may now take leave of him as a boy, and consider and watch him in his career as a man.

At the age of 21 he could hold his own with the first masters of the time, as a player, either on the clavier, organ, or the violin. His improvisations on the clavier were the wonder of his day. They were generally variations on well-known airs. Speaking of his playing, Ambros Rieder writes:—"I still, in my old age"—he died in 1851—"seem to hear the echo of those heavenly harmonies, and I go to my grave with the full conviction that there never can be another Mozart."

Stiepanek, writing of a concert at Prague that Mozart gave in 1787, says:—"At the close of the concert Mozart improvised on the piano for a good half-hour and raised the enthusiasm of the Bohemians to the highest pitch, so that he was obliged to resume his place at the instrument. His second stream of improvisation had a still more powerful effect, and the audience again, tumultuously, recalled him. Their enthusiasm seemed to inspire him and he played as he had never played before, till, all at once, the death-like silence of the listeners was broken by a voice from among them exclaiming—'*Aus Figaro*'—whereupon Mozart dashed into the favourite air—*Non piu andrai*—and improvised a dozen of the most interesting and artistic variations upon it, ending his wonderful performance amid a deafening storm of applause." But great as were his powers as an executant, they were little as compared with those as a composer. Haydn, speaking to his father in 1785, said:—"I assure you, solemnly, and as an honest man, I consider your son to be the greatest composer I have ever heard." Leopold Mozart had not allowed the

musical education of his son to be at the expense of every other study. A fair proficiency was attained by him in other branches of learning, and we read that he could converse fluently in French and Italian, and was well grounded in Latin.

Mozart had been growing weary of Salzburg for some time. The social sphere in which he moved was extremely irksome to him, and his opinion of the music of that place was, certainly, not complimentary to it. Society at that time in Salzburg has been thus described:—"The country gentlemen hunt and go to church; those next below, go to church and hunt; the next lower rank eat, drink, and pray; the lowest of all pray, drink, and eat. The two latter classes conduct their love affairs in public and the two former in private—all alike live in sensual indulgence." Mozart quite agreed with the saying: "The first year a man goes to Salzburg, he gets stupid; during the next, idiotic; and in the third year, a true Salzburger."

Whatever study and discipline could attain, Mozart had attained before he left Salzburg. It was now time for him to emerge from his narrow surroundings, cast off local trammels, and step forward to win freedom and independence. When he was, for the second time, in Paris (where he lost his mother), he had more than once written to his father, indicating his dislike to returning to Salzburg; however, he submitted to his father's wish, and again came home. His relations with the Archbishop then got strained; difficulties cropped up about obtaining leave of absence. Mozart desired to express his wish to resign; obstacles were put in his way; matters went from bad to worse; he quarrelled with some of the Court, and insisted upon resigning his post; he was wretchedly paid; indignities were heaped upon him; he was treated like the commonest menial, and, it is said, one of the Court officials actually

kicked him out of the room. The upshot of the whole thing was that he left Salzburgand went to live in Vienna. I would here remark that before Mozart finally quitted the Archbishop's service (he had left it once previously and re-entered it) he had composed the opera of "Idomeneo." This opera—Beethoven's preference—was written at the command of the Elector of Bavaria. Mozart was handicapped in this instance by the limited ability of some of the singers—for instance, the tenor, Raaff, was 70 years of age; yet, so skilfully was his part written, that Raaff said he could sing with ease every passage in it, and that it caused him to feel quite young again. But with regard to the band—well, the band being a good one, the orchestration resulted in such a combination of sounds as amazed and delighted the players who produced them.

The production of that opera was, so to speak, a kind of landmark or dividing line between youth and manhood. Mozart, from that moment, stepped forth as a composer, whose genius and power were bound to revolutionise the orchestra, and give a meaning and expression to instrumental music that it had never been capable of before.

Some time after this Mozart married Constanze Weber. She was a sister of that Aloysia with whom he had fallen madly in love a few years before. Aloysia and he were betrothed, but from some cause or other she began to be cool with him, and finally broke off the engagement. However, as Mozart could not marry Aloysia, he made her sister Constanze his wife.

Our hero soon found that battling with the world was not an easy task. Friends were few; opponents were many, and more bitter than numerous. At this time Italians occupied nearly all the best places in the musical world, and the aspirations of a thorough German like Mozart roused the resentment and ire of the foreigners.

Whenever Mozart tried to place himself where his talents could speak for themselves, so envious were they of him that a most determined opposition was got up against him, and intrigues of the basest kind were carried on to his detriment. But although they could and did impede him, it was impossible for them always to keep his genius in the background. In 1787 he was appointed private musician to the Emperor at a salary of 800 florins. He was afterwards—at Glück's death—made private composer, but without any increase of salary. That did not trouble him so much as not having an opportunity of producing any important work; so once, when receiving his pay, he added to his receipt:—"Too much for what I do, too little for what I could do." In 1789 he had an offer from Frederic William of Prussia to be Kapellmeister at Berlin, at a salary of 3,000 florins. Mozart foolishly allowed the Emperor to dissuade him from accepting this offer. That was Mozart's financial flood-tide—he omitted to take it; and henceforth, in money matters, all the voyage of his life "was bound in shallows and in miseries."

All this time he was writing various pieces. He had a trick of delaying the actual transcription until the very last moment. In one instance he *was*, in a sense, *too* late, and had not his wonderful genius carried him through, his prospects might have been injured—as it turned out, the affair only served to enhance his reputation. The incident was as follows:—Mozart had promised to write a sonata for clavier and violin. He was frequently asked for the fiddle part, but to no purpose. On the evening before the concert the violinist came, and finding that her part had just been written, at once took it away to practise. The piano part apparently did not exist. The players met at the concert—never having had any rehearsal.

The piece was performed, well played, and much applauded. Mozart had been playing from what was supposed to be the piano part, but the Emperor, suspecting something, requested that the piano copy should be handed to him. It was then discovered that Mozart had been playing from blank music paper divided into bars. He had played it from memory, if such can be called memory.

I will here mention Mozart's method of giving his ideas to the world. He had a great repugnance to writing music: it was distasteful to him. Yet he could and did write rapidly, but he never began to write until his composition was in all essential points completely worked out in his head. If only a few bars were written they formed a perfect melody; when the sketches were longer they made a well-rounded continuous whole. I give as an instance the circumstances connected with the composition of the overture to "Don Giovanni."

Two days before the first performance of that opera the overture for it had not been begun. Not a note down. His friends got very anxious, but their anxiety seemed only to amuse and please him. The day before the performance, still nothing done! The night before the performance, after spending a very merry evening with his friends, he came home and went to his room about midnight. He at once began writing, and without any great effort completed the masterpiece in a few hours. His wife said she told him tales to keep him awake. After a time she let him sleep for two hours. It was then five o'clock. She woke him, and he went on again; by seven the overture was finished and in the hands of the copyist. In fact, all was complete in his head, and he simply wrote down the copy from his mind.

His wife said he never composed *at* the clavier, but wrote music like letters, and never tried a movement until

it was finished. At the same time he could compose as he wrote; as, for example, at Prague in 1787 he had promised to write a dance for a ball. The time drew near, but nothing had been done. The day before, Count Pachta, who was giving the ball, invited Mozart to dinner earlier than the usual time. When Mozart arrived he found all the requisites set for him, and he was asked to compose the dance there and then. He at once set to work, and by dinner time had composed nine country dances scored for full orchestra.

He never composed hurriedly or carelessly, although he postponed the writing till the very last moment. The writing was the drudgery; the composition was no effort. His wife said the greater industry of his later years was only apparent. He only wrote down more. His mind was constantly working, and one may say he never ceased composing. If ever he was interrupted in the writing of a piece he seemed loth to return to it, and there is no reason to suppose that he ever subsequently made use of his sketches or unfinished compositions. This, so far as it goes, testifies to the wealth and ease of his productiveness, which, as it were, scorned to borrow even from himself.

As Mozart is chiefly known through his operas, some mention may here be made as to the condition of the Lyric Drama at that date.

Founded upon the idea of giving, through music, a representation similar to that attained by the ordinary spoken drama, the opera had for some time previous been drifting away from its original moorings. From the middle of the last century, the tendency to sacrifice all consideration to execution had become more and more marked, until at last dramatic propriety and the beauty of song were alike buried beneath the weight of ornamentation, exaggerated flourishes, and never-ending cadenzas,

all which served only to display the pretensions of the vocalist and the dexterity of the composer. "In this way," says Jahn—from whom I frequently and largely quote—"the dramatic element of the opera became more and more neglected, until at last it was regarded as a superfluous and disturbing adjunct to vocalisation."

Mozart found opera in the hands of the vocalists; execution had asserted its victory over characterisation. The orchestra, though strong in numbers, rarely rose much above a bare accompaniment. Soloists there were in plenty, and good ones too, but the orchestra never took an independent position or put itself on an equality with the singers. Out of Opera Seria had sprung Opera Buffa. The latter took, as it were, a less commanding position than the former, being of a lighter nature. Still, Opera Buffa, in its less volatile parts, impinged upon, and in many cases overlapped, the province of Opera Seria in its lighter parts. That process of overlapping had been on the increase for some time, until at length operas were produced that seemed made up almost as much of one class as the other.

Such was the condition of things when Mozart appeared on the scene. So far as the music was concerned, Mozart—in one word—changed it all. He wrote for each singer such music as the character under notice demanded. Of his power to do this, I will adduce as a witness Richard Wagner. He says: "Oh, how inexpressibly I honour Mozart, in that he could not write the same kind of music for 'Titus,' 'Don Giovanni,' 'Cosi fan tutti,' or 'Figaro.'" As for the orchestra, Mozart's treatment of it was a revolution—a revelation.

The orchestra, as we now have it, was his creation. He had never heard the effects he strove to produce—they existed *in* the orchestra, it is true; but, only in the same way as the statue exists in the block of marble, and as the

sculptor sees, with the spiritual eye, the finished work in the stone, so did Mozart hear, before they had ever been produced, the sounds to be drawn from the orchestra. No wonder most of his contemporaries were surprised at his free treatment of it, and unable to appreciate the true meaning of the innovation. Gretry is reported to have said that—"Cimarosa put the statue in the theatre and the pedestal in the orchestra, but Mozart had put the statue in the orchestra and the pedestal in the theatre." As each singer comes on and expresses himself in characteristic music so does the orchestra assist in the delineation by tone colouring and instrumentation. It is no longer a simple accompaniment to the voices, supporting the superincumbent mass, but it now takes an effective and independent part in working out the result, and acts as a quickening power by giving strength and motion to the formation, heightening and enhancing the whole.

He was the first to do justice to the clarionet, and discover its capacities. As Mozart is best known through his operas, I will here briefly allude to one or two of the most prominent.

On the 1st of May, 1786, the first public performance of the opera of Figaro took place. Taken from Beaumarchais' comedy, it is said to have been composed secretly, in conjunction with the librettist, Da Ponte. This was done because Mozart had fears as to whether an opera composed by himself would, by his enemies, be allowed to appear. However, he and the librettist set to work and, it is said, the whole thing was finished in six weeks. Da Ponte then went and told the Emperor all about it. The performance of the play had been forbidden at the National Theatre, on account of its freedom of tone, but Da Ponte having satisfied the Emperor on that point, Mozart was summoned to appear before him, and on play-

ing some portions of it, the Emperor commanded that the opera should be put into rehearsal at once. This made all Mozart's opponents furious. They did all they dared to ruin and injure the piece, but to no purpose—the triumph was complete, and from that time—over one hundred years ago—down to the present day, the opera holds an honoured place in the roll of lyric dramas, and to take a suitable leading character in the piece is one of the ambitions of all great vocalists.

The next opera, in order of date, is "Don Giovanni." Not much is known for certain about the composition of "Don Giovanni;" but we do know that some portion of it was written in the garden of his friend, Duschek, at Prague, amid laughing and lively talk and games at bowls, in which Mozart is said to have joined, leaving his score for the nonce. It was first publicly performed on October 29, 1787, and, as before, Da Ponte was the librettist. No fault could be found with the music, it was too mighty, so his opponents attacked the libretto. That was founded upon an old story or legend which had been floating up and down Europe for more than a century, some versions of which had been dramatised already, and even served up as an opera.

There can, I think, be little doubt but that Mozart wrote the music for that opera, viewing the libretto in a different and far higher sense than that in which it is too generally, and I would say, superficially taken. He laid bare some of the shortcomings of humanity, and tried to make plain and enforce the lesson to be drawn from the wicked life and dreadful death of the dissolute nobleman. It must have been this—it could not have been the plot—that caused Goethe to say, on hearing the opera: "Mozart would have been the man to have composed the music for my 'Faust.'"

In the spring of 1791—the last year of his life—when financial matters were troubling him; low in spirits, poor in health, and despondent of his position generally—an acquaintance persuaded him that his only chance was to write an opera—a grand opera. Mozart fell in with the idea, and after many interruptions, the opera was completed and performed publicly for the first time on September 30, 1791. This was "The Magic Flute," the last, and, according to some, the greatest of his operas.

As in "Don Giovanni," so in this—a psychological study was made of the plot and the characters in it. The effects of good and of evil are held up to view, and the mysticism indicated in the plot is elaborated in the music. In this, as compared with his other operas, the orchestration stands alone. It performs a double part; for not only does it accompany and support the voices, but it illustrates in a remarkable manner the spirit of the piece.

In this opera, as Jahn says, "He came clean out of the Italian style, and produced a genuine German 'opera,'—stepped across the threshold of the future and unlocked the Sanctuary of National Art for his countrymen."

I may here add that the principles of Freemasonry are said to be inculcated in this opera, though, of course, veiled to the uninitiated. It was not received with the same burst of applause as greeted "Figaro" and "Don Giovanni." But it grew, and grew rapidly, in favour, and ended in being a huge success. Mozart strove, and strove successfully, to give character to his operatic music, and showed how inferior and erroneous was the school then in the ascendant.

As is well known, Mozart composed an immense mass of music, besides re-arranging the scores of older writings, among which may be mentioned Handel's "Messiah." He wrote upwards of 100 pieces of what may be called

chamber music, amongst which are some of the most lovely and graceful movements ever composed. Sonatas, duets, trios, quartets, quintets, and symphonies flowed from his pen like a clear and never-ending stream. He wrote 41 symphonies. The last, in C major—sometimes called the "Jupiter," on account of its majestic movement—would have been quite sufficient to immortalise him had he never written anything else. The *finale* is that masterpiece of contrapuntal art which always gives one the impression of magnificence, pomp, and princely pageant. In the whole of Mozart's music—whether the piece be minute or mighty—melody, the essence of music, is always present. He wrote songs, oratorios, 15 masses, upwards of 20 operas, and a large number of smaller pieces.

Just a word on his masses. It has been said that his sacred music is too secular, and that he was careless of his masses. Mozart was too devout and earnest a Catholic to be guilty of either one or the other fault, and when one considers the ideas then prevalent, and takes into account the taste of some of those for whom he was under the necessity of writing, the charge may be dismissed as one of small account and wanting in accuracy. Many masses have been published in his name which are not his, only in this sense, that it is his music which has been picked from his other works, altered, adapted, and arranged as a mass, but with which he had nothing whatever to do. At the beginning of this century there was a "Missa de Figaro e Don Giovanni" not unknown to church choirs.

I now come to his last work, the great Requiem Mass. The story, that Mozart himself believed he had received a visit from his Satanic Majesty, in connection with this mass, may be dismissed, in one word, as absurd, purely apocryphal and legendary. It is true that Mozart never

did know for whom he was writing the mass; the emissary had stipulated for a requiem mass, paid so much money down, promised more on delivery of the completed manuscript, but had forbidden any enquiry as to who his master was. It is now well known that it was Count Wallsegg. This man had a craze for ordering compositions. Securing the manuscripts, copying all the music with his own hand, then after having all the scores taken from his copy, he would put them before his musical dependents, and ask them to guess the composer's name. They knew his weakness, and, guessing *his* name, fooled him to the top of his bent. Mozart used to say that he was writing his own requiem. As a matter of fact, he never did quite finish it. It was completed by Sussmayer, his pupil, who had assisted his master when engaged on the work. After completion, it was handed to the purchaser as Mozart's Requiem Mass.

Mozart had been sickening for some time. When writing the "Magic Flute," he frequently had fainting fits, and during the last few months of his life he became a prey to the idea that he had been poisoned. This hallucination came and went more than once, and after his decease gave rise to cruel and unjust suspicions against his opponents. A day or so before his death, and referring to the success of his "Magic Flute," he said, as if with a prophetic eye, in connection with himself: "The first act is about over, now comes the mighty *Queen of Night.*" He died at one o'clock, on the morning of the 5th December, 1791. His widow, in her poverty, could only afford the poorest kind of funeral, and a common vault was made use of. In a word, this prince of harmony was buried in a pauper's grave! Just as they were making their way to the churchyard of St. Marx, a violent storm of snow and rain drove all the mourners back to shelter, so that not a single friend

stood by when the body was lowered into the grave. Forsaken by all at the last!—not many sadder funerals than this!

No cross or stone marked his resting-place; the exact spot where he lies is to-day unknown; for when his widow, on recovering from her prostration, went to visit the churchyard, the grave could not be pointed out; there was a fresh gravedigger, and he knew nothing whatever about it. Thus ended at less than thirty-six years of age the life of one of the most powerful, the most brilliant, and most charming composers the world has ever seen.

In his case enemies were many and friends were few. One of the first to recognise his genius and power was Haydn. "These two seem to stand out from among those of their own time, and their unbroken friendship proved once more that the greatness of true artistic nature attracts and does not repel its like." In a similar way Mozart recognised in Beethoven the true fire of genius, for on hearing him play in Vienna, he said, "Mark that young man, he will make himself a name in the world."

Comparisons or parallels have been frequently made between Mozart and other musicians. I will only quote one; it is by Reichardt, who, speaking of the three masters as quartet composers, says—"Haydn built a charming fanciful summer house, Mozart transformed it into a palace, and Beethoven crowned the edifice with a bold defiant tower."

Mozart was rather small of stature, and had a fine straight nose. His face was pale, but pleasant. Keen and well-formed eyes, fine eyebrows and eyelashes, and a profusion of hair were his. Restless in his manner, he could never be still for more than a minute at once. He was quick in his movements and fond of dancing. He has been accused of being a spendthrift and a libertine, but when one looks

closely into that matter the grounds on which the accusations rest are found to be quite untrustworthy, and the ungenerous charge untrue.

He was not a saint. He was genial, he was genuine, he was liberal—too much so for his own profit. But, whatever opinion may be held as to his personal character, I think all will unite in giving him a very high place in that matchless band of musicians which, beginning with Bach and Handel, continued down in an unbroken line to the Mendelssohn of our own day.

A SPRING DAY AT KESWICK.

BY JOHN WALKER.

AT the risk of appearing dogmatic, I venture to say at the very outset of my remarks, that Keswick is one of the most beautiful places in the whole world. This is, perhaps, rather like Sara Bernhardt in Phædra, striking twelve all at once; but I wish it to be understood that I approach my subject in the mood of a fervent admirer, with no intention of criticising or finding fault. Those who have visited Derwentwater by the aid of a cheap trip for one day only—those unlucky mortals whom old Skiddaw has drenched with his eternal cold shower-bath—will not be disposed to agree with me, nor is it expected that they should. Such men, however, who are fortunate enough to know almost every inch of that hallowed ground—that sacred poets' paradise—will be quite ready to endorse the humble opinion that I have here set forth. Of such men, I am happy to say, England holds not a few. Almost all of us have rubbed shoulders with the world sufficiently to be able to form a true mental estimate of the quiet pastoral beauty of the Greta valley; the savage grandeur of the Borrowdale hills, and the refreshing colours that are for ever changing upon the bracken-clad fellsides; and therefore, although I may not be able to

convey to the minds of my readers a true sketch of my own ideas as to the great charm that these *chefs-d'œuvres* of Nature had for those immortal singers who ushered in this memorable century with their ever-memorable song, I feel that whatever I may have omitted to mention will be remembered by those who are acquainted with the Lakes, and possibly their thoughts may again be pleasurably directed to what is a veritable and never-failing source of pleasure. If this reward follows, then I shall be happy; and should these few words meet the eyes of those who have never heard the music of our mountain-becks, nor the wild echoes of the lonely Lakeland passes, perhaps I may succeed in what I have set out to do. I would, however, ask all those who approach our lovely Lake Country to do so in no perfunctory manner; they must go there and remain—the longer the better. They ought not to try to do too much at once, but should give each valley a fair chance of disclosing its treasures. They should peep into every clover field, and into every larch plantation; dip down into every ferny ghyll and make the acquaintance of every running stream: there will be always something to reward the loiterer; always some new wonder of strange moss or flower, and always some delightful surprise in the endless views which open out on every hand as each step takes the enraptured traveller nearer to the tops of the everlasting hills.

Let the tired and smoke-begrimed Manchester man turn in memory to those lovely stretches of dappled pasture-land that lie between Bassenthwaite and Crosthwaite; stretches of country which my friend sometimes not inaptly terms the "plains of Heaven." And truly at the season when the cuckoo chuckles in the oak coppice, and the young pigeons coo in the larch wood, there is, in the wealth of burning gold spread over that

rich grazing ground, something that suggests a detail, perhaps more than a detail, of the ideal Heaven. Even when the grey clouds refuse to leave the rugged breast of Skiddaw, and thin rain falls disconsolately, there is colour enough in those acres of buttercups to make up for the loss of sunlight. Always in spring the yearning comes upon us to be up and away—

> To see the gold against the blue,
> To hear beck-water rippling through :—

and I would fain try to sketch merely a few of the ideas and the impressions that I received during a pleasant walk taken in the company of a congenial spirit one exquisite morning at the end of May, 1890; a morning of late spring, when the sunlit pendants of the laburnum wept golden tears above the brown ruins of dead daffodils; a morning of billowy clouds racing in deep blue sky before a fresh east wind, which, blowing over leagues of larch, pine, and moorland flowers, instead of drying the fancy out of us, was fraught with renewing vigour.

We are now almost within hearing of the murmuring Greta as we saunter down the white highway, arched over in places with tender greenery, and on and on in the direction of Latrigg, who has doffed his winter coat of leonine dun and donned the hunter's green of matured spring. In the trees above the road we hear that murmuring music which tells of the bees' sweet harvest of blossoms. The sycamore hangs her little fragrant cascades of yellow green, soon to grow into far-flying, gauze-winged seeds. The elm, too, sways her hop-like flowers for the admiration of wayfarers; the chestnut rears brave spires of bloom to the breezy blue; the rowan promises a plenitude of vegetable coral in the warm autumnal days to come, and the hawthorn foams in magical profusion on every lowly hedge.

It is exceedingly interesting to study the mission of the bees in the celebration of the nuptials of plants. That delightful monotone which converts those limes into high arched temples of sweet sound is nothing more nor less than the marriage hymn of flowers. When the blossom-burdened trees are ready to display their sweets, the "brindled velveteers" come and storm the gold-green coverts in battalions; and there they sing, whilst unconsciously labouring hymeneally throughout the fair changes of many a sweet spring day.

At this important period of plant life there is no secrecy, no reserve; for it is now that trees, shrubs, and glowing flowers distribute their sweetest fragrance to every passing wind, and afford the keenest delight of colour and honey. Those sable-breasted harvesters are gathering great store of pollen from innumerable blooms, and other treasure from countless nectaries.

What a wondrously beautiful bridal chamber is the calyx, hung with the magic aulæum or tapestry of the corolla! Very lovely are the pictures presented by the plants at this supreme period, and the incense which they breathe is usually enchanting; but, on the other hand, the abominable odour of the wild garlic reminds us that there are black sheep even among flowers, and we hurry away from the scene of defilement with very mixed sensations.

This is one of Nature's dearest mornings, when she seems to be full of joyous playfulness—less subtilely contemplative of her gracious self: there is a happy movement in the air which seems to betoken an invisible presence at the centre of life. For the apple-cheeked maiden who is tripping past on her way to school the funereal yew is bright with greetings of golden yellow, and the ivy sends out, to meet her fairy fingers, delicate tendrils, misted over with the finest of grey down. The rosy child

might, indeed, be the very embodiment of May. A pretty fritillary is on a zig-zag voyage, and pauses to drink from a pink star of the herb-robert! How lovely is the contrast between the restless white wings and the spreading flesh-coloured stalks dotted here and there with already crimsoning leaves. This is the plant which young children hereabout call "mamma-die," and they will gravely assert that, should you chance to pull one, your mother will surely perish. The herb-robert is loveliest in autumn, when its leaves show the splendour of decay; it thrives luxuriantly on old walls such as the robin chooses for his home, and such as the ivy-leaved toadflax—a favourite of Mr. Ruskin's—loves to trail upon.

We pause a moment to drink in the beauty of the glorious landscape now unfolded to our view. Away in the distance lie those low green hills that bound Bassenthwaite on the north-west, that lake showing like a thin slip of blue let in at the end of the luxuriant meadows. Skiddaw, to the right, is as glorious as ever in his rolling beauty, and the lovely woods in the immediate foreground, full of the young tender greens of spring, are vocal with sweet sound. In the middle distance comfortable farm and sacred spire bring humanity to our thoughts. There is the church in which poor unfortunate Southey sleeps his last sleep in marble, and there is the home embowered in pleasant trees, where he wrote some of those careful works, which have not brought him the fame he looked and hoped for. Here, at our very hand, is the house where Shelley lived and dreamed; and away yonder is the fine old vicarage, now inhabited by another worthy writer, some of whose sonnets are likely to be handed down to other generations, if what an American friend once observed to me is true:—"Some few of those little trifles are going *right away down* through the centuries."

Near by, too, is another home nest inhabited by a young and brilliant writer, who is just now feeling his way by dint of sheer hard work to a fair public hearing, although, perhaps, at the expense of health and strength.

We caught a ragamuffin, barely six years old, prowling about, with cat-like creep, in search of those blue eggs so dear to the hearts of such as he, the animal instinct fully on the alert. Asked if he ever pulled a "mamma-die"? he quite brightly answered, "Oh, yes, because my mother *is* dead." Poor little motherless one! He was made an emperor with sixpence!

This year the oak has fully three weeks' start of the ash, so that the weatherwise genially predict a hot summer and full bounty of grass and grain. In the wood down there the cuckoo sings in happy augury. Listen to his low, liquid cry, familiar, yet ever new and welcome. Glad we are to think that the—

> . . . . tempestuous morn of early June,
> When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er
> Before the roses and the longest day,

is not yet upon us, and that the "wandering voice" will continue to cheer our too-brief holiday with its luscious dual note.

> Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
> Even yet thou art to me
> No bird, but an invisible thing,
> A voice, a mystery.
>
> The same whom in my school-boy days
> I listened to; that cry
> Which made me look a thousand ways
> In bush, and tree, and sky.
>
> To seek thee did I often rove
> Through woods and on the green;
> And thou wert still a hope, a love;
> Still longed for, never seen!
>
> And I can listen to thee yet;
> Can lie upon the plain
> And listen, till I do beget
> That golden time again.

Surely never was there anything more simply and beautifully descriptive. Not a touch too many nor too few; perfection itself; the satisfying completeness, the exquisite simplicity of a Greek cameo.

Last night there was a smoke of dusky crimson in the sky, away down towards the Solway, which augured heat to-day; but, although the prophecy is fulfilled, there is a tempering breeze from the east and a gracious freshness in the air. The tardy ash has flowered, and now her leaves, almost the last of Spring's miracles, have burst their waxy prisons and are opening out in the heat. This tree is hardly likely to have been the "Askr Yggdrasil" of the Scandinavians. The Edda states that the holiest among trees, the "world tree," eternally young and dewy, representing heaven, earth and hell, was an evergreen; and elsewhere we are told that the mountain ash was worshipped—especially taking an important part in the religious myths of the Vikings. We now wonder, as we stroll along these magnificent roads, which was really the third in the trio of sacred trees.

Here and there a speedwell lights the grass with its brilliant points of "darling blue," and the charming cranesbill paints the wayside with great patches of changing purple. We are told that the lovely blue of the germander speedwell is almost the same in tint as the pupil of the jackdaw's eye. It is exquisitely and innocently beautiful;—no wonder that children love it!

In the autumn, like those of the herb-robert, the leaves of the meadow cranesbill have all the rich tints of its spring blossoms, with added streaks of orange and deepest carmine. There is a superb splendour in the tints of the decaying leaves of comparatively insignificant plants. The wild strawberry, for instance, is often decked in scarlet pomp after the first frosts, and the leaves of the bramble are well worth noticing in this regard.

The scented mowing grass swirls and ripples in the vigorous wind; it is full of yellow rattle, red clover, the upright meadow crowfoot—the tallest of our buttercups—the violet-tinted bugle and delicate dandelion clocks. The lovely flower, which Lowell has immortalized, is now past its best, but here and there its little suns make a glory in the hedgerow. It is a composite bloom, not beloved of bees; but it is a prime favourite during seed time with the birds; occasionally, too, the love-lorn maiden shows some little respect for the dandelion when she tests its powers of augury with her half-assertive query, "He loves me, he loves me not; he loves me not, he loves me!" We easily identify the sweet-scented vernal grass in the rippling meadows, and the pale yellow anthers of the lamb's-tongue. Turning to the wayside hedge we find the five-petaled cinquefoil, the four-petaled tormentil (first cousins, very much alike), and the bird's-foot trefoil, with buds of wallflower red. All these three plants are golden-hued children of the spring, delightful in form and colour. Dearest and best of the ever-welcome trio is the tormentil, whose trustful little stars illumine the sides of these mountains with pale tender points of flame as soon as the wild thyme begins to send out sentry-creepers to guard its purple blossoms. Boon companions are the tormentil and thyme; halycon hours of youth flash fleetingly on the mind when we catch the honeyed fragrance of the latter in our wanderings among the hills. Hours of sunshine, health, and the glorious freedom of childhood! Hours when the perfume of the apple-blossom—so faint and yet so strong—seemed to penetrate to the innermost chamber of our hearts—where lives that individual essence which we call *soul*. Hours when the dew on the fern at sunrise seemed to speak of all the lovely qualities, and all the mysterious possibilities of another and higher existence:

hours when the heart became unconsciously expanded by the exultant spirit within, which struggled to express itself delightedly in sudden song.

It is pleasant to encounter again the grey-green wood-sage, whose smell suggests hops; the pink campion, the silver blossoms of the wild strawberry, and the white satiny stars of the fragile stitchwort—almost the frailest of the Stellaria family—so very frail, indeed, we are almost afraid its stalks will snap in this lusty wind; but no, there is much strength in its apparent weakness.

All growing things bend and bow to this gracious breeze; the ladyfern sways above the shy dog-violet, and the bugle is ever and anon kissed by the bush vetch. Almost at every step one inhales the delicious perfume of the hawthorn. Here is a magnificent snowy mass, all delicately fretted and pranked with bright young leaves. Let us trace the effect of the white corymbs against the cerulean hue of the deep gulfs of Heaven: see the frothing billows of foaming blossom, thrice lovely! No wonder our Oriental brethren love the hawthorn! And who besides the Chinese and the Japanese have ever done full pictorial justice to the days of Spring? Those almond-eyed artists have the peacefulness of Nature; they know and adore her. In spring they kneel at her knee and grow serene through her serenity. Drawing to them is a language, almost as familiar as speech; and, in delightful little pictures, they express the pleasant thoughts that come to them during the blossom-days, which to the Japanese are days devoted to feasting and general rejoicing.

We miss the nodding anemones: they are blown and flown, leaving only their green seed-vessels to tell us of past beauty; but they have been succeeded by the sweet little wood sorrel. Here and there in the shelter of the hazels we find its pure white blooms veined with purplish-pink,

surrounded by exquisitely dainty leaves, shaped almost like those of the shamrock. This is the plant which was dear to us in boyhood, when we sought for it through the coppices, eager for the wealth of acid which the leaves contain. It was then known to us as "bread and cheese," and we were of opinion that we shared the dainty with the cuckoo, for of old it was known as "cuckow's meate," with which the bird cleared his voice.

Fair is the sky, dappled with fleecy clouds; at every few steps new effects burst upon us of distant dim-blue mountains and tossing oak-woods. The tree of Thor grows to great perfection in this neighbourhood, and it is under the gnarled and moss-grown branches of one of his giants that we pause for rest.

Verily this is Paradise: so we think as we gratefully inhale the exhilarating air, spiced by those distant fir-woods over which it has passed on its voyage hither.

We venture outside the limits of the chequered shade, and bask like adders in the hot sunlight, stretching ourselves beneath the hedge in the meadow. We try to slumber, whilst the droning humble-bees sound their echoing pipes almost in our very ears. There is a warm fragrance in the grass which rises like incense; we are soothed—once more in the lap of Nature; once more her very own—surely, it is Paradise!

The awakening comes with a clatter of clogs along the macadam, and two little urchins lovingly foregather under another hawthorn. Interested in the simple chatter of boyhood we lazily listen.

"If thoo wants to find a bird's nest thoo mun gedder a birdseye."

So they each gather a pretty birdseye, and we may be forgiven for half hoping that their faith will be rewarded.

By and by we resume our pleasant walk, passing a little

cottage embowered in ivy, whose garden is fringed with graceful yellow poppies, fully as beautiful as those daffodils of Ulleswater long ago immortalised by one who loved this very Lakeland with a larger heart than ours. A wilding rose-bush shows a hopeful mass of buds, and in the damp places by the little runlet, there flourish those never-jarring neighbours the pink-flushed water-avens and the yellow-green lady's mantle. What exquisite beauty there is in the tufted masses of flowers that grace the latter; how delicately carved are those chaliced leaves wherein the morning dewdrops linger still!

To rightly appreciate the character and beauty of water we must gather a dew-filled leaf of the lady's mantle—or lady's pride, as it is here termed—and, holding it up where the sun rays fall directly upon it, note the brilliancy, the transparency and the absolute purity of the fluid, as it passes like quicksilver from one portion of the leaf to another.

A pheasant is crowing contentedly in the coppice, and a dulcet song issues from the wheat field, where the yellow-hammer is singing her reiterative lyric. Down there in that undrained and unploughed corner the valerian is getting ready its flowers to swell the glory of June. We have read somewhere that cats have a mysterious liking for the scent of this plant, as they have for lavender, and will sometimes travel great distances in order to indulge their fancy; how much truth there is in this statement we must leave the learned to discover. Another strange fact is brought to memory by the sight of a white butterfly poised for a moment at rest on a spray of purple cranesbill—this is one of a species that is distinguished by a peculiar perfume which seems to have its origin in some little satchet secreted in the body. It would be interesting to know if this scent holds the same place in the economy of nature as the musk of fur-bearing animals?

Now we have reached the high ground whereon rest the imperishable remains of an old and powerful faith. We are at the Druids' Circle, which was set, apparently for the sake of solemnity, almost in the centre of an amphitheatre of hills. Strange to relate, three beautiful white calves have taken up their station exactly in the middle of the circle, and are lying adoze in the sunshine. Cumbrians would call these creatures "wye-coaves." We tread softly, in order not to disturb them, and sit down on the flat sacrificial stone. Somehow or other, we feel that we are out of character here, in these garments; a certain sensation (it may be artistic, or it may be due to the Druidic protoplasm inherent within us) asserts itself, and becomes dominant for a space; surely we are priests awaiting our auditory in solemn silence—the white beasts lying near, ready for the imposing ceremonies of Baal. But, whether we have or have not pre-natal kinship with Druids, we cannot but admire some of the traits of the old priests of Britain as our thoughts revert to their mysterious history. They chose this little plateau amid the environing hills at a time when thick woods surged round the base of every mountain and filled to repletion every valley. Thus, the poor victims found themselves shut out from deliverance, barred out from hope, and bewildered by the awful reverence of the place. To break the current of what may possibly be a rather tiresome Nature-worshipper's idyll, I will venture to dwell somewhat longer upon the Druids' Circle.

Baal or Belus was but another name for the Egyptian Osiris or the sun. Those thrifty Phœnician merchantmen, in their voyages to the West, doubtless brought with them learned priests to convert the inhabitants of Northern Africa, of Iberia, and of Gaul; and those semi-civilized descendants of that fabled Trojan settlement said to have been founded by Brutus and Imogen, who are credited with having

peopled Albion after slaying the gigantic following of Geog-Magog. So, at any rate, says Hughe de Genesis, an ancient historiographer, whose statements have been confirmed by Geoffrey of Monmouth. Further supporting testimony may be found in the historical poems of Tyssilio, a Welsh bard, and in the uncouth rhymes of John Hardyng. The Scythians, probably the earliest colonists of this island, were called Magogœi by the Greeks, and a certain "mighty Hu" was their leadér. This personage was worshipped by the Magogœi in the same way that the Phœnicians worshipped Baal; and these were the savages with whom the Trojan settlers fought in the land of Cornwall, in the kingdom of Lyonesse* the prowess of whom converted them in later legends into giants.

The cunning Phœnician priests—who are said to have been acquainted, not only with gunpowder, but even with hydraulics, and other sciences connected with engineering—soon overawed the rude Celts of the north, and the dark race of the western country, establishing their religion from the Land's End to the neighbourhood of Carlisle—perhaps, even farther. Their religion supplanted the worship of Diana and the worship of Hu; its mysteries embracing even the offering of human souls. This is the same faith, to the glory of which that magnificent southern circle was erected—the Pointer and accompanying stones of El Uted at Mazorah, not far from Azila, on the Atlantic, in Morocco. And the blue waves that brought those Eastern merchantmen to the sandy dunes beyond Cape Spartel to quarry millstones, rolled their trim little vessels through the Iberian and Gallic waters to Albion for tin; and here, as likewise in Gaul, they left their priests to

* The earlier spelling may have been "Lionæs," which would signify a tract of land shaped like the nose of a lion stretching out into the sea.

trade and civilize. Stonehenge, Avebury, and Long Meg and her Daughters, all tell the same tale of barbarian credulity and priestly imposture.

We are on enchanted ground. There are many daisies in the enclosure, but, immediately around the sacrificial stone on which so many lives have ended in offerings to Baal, they do not grow. Do they refuse to lift their placid faces from the spot on which human blood has been bespattered—blood which still cries out against the olden immolations, causing the land to break out into little open sores? My practical companion answers the query by pointing out the fact that the cows lie in the lee of the stone on windy nights, and have worn its edges with centuries of rubbing.

Could we move these thirty-eight monoliths, on which the faint greys, greens, and yellows of mountain lichen are painted, what should we find thereunder or near? Any weapon filed down by Time into flakes of rust, or golden torque of maiden sacrificed long ago to Belus? Surely we see on this large stone in the priests' place the indentations of huge knives, or are they glacier scratches? Let us take a backward leap into the dead centuries. We will try to imagine a May morning devoted to sacrifice, when the faith of the Phœnicians was dominant in these valleys. First, a clear blush of arrowy crimson shooting upwards, and changing the ruffled waters from starlit silver to a dimpled flush of rose. A glad minstrelsy of wind rising and falling in the orchestra of leaves, ancient groves of fir here and there on these high levels, massed about with sombre, berried juniper, and forests of oak with hazel underwood; the humblest grass lifts its little crystal offering to Heaven; night casts off her gauzy robes of mist, and flees at the first breath of the vigorous morn. The fair woods and plains of Penrith are yet swathed in vapour of tender

grey; those same woods and plains where other Druids (than those we are to see) gather and mass together to celebrate their imposing rites on this general feast day of Belus; the same woods and plains in which the courtly knights of Arthur loved to ride in later days. In the north, Latrigg's expansive bosom is green with dewy and shimmering bracken, and, high above it, Skiddaw—the Divided One, the wall of the north—shows his scarred side and rusty coat, soon to be changed for a fairer robe of Tyrian purple. Blencathra's high-rounded knoll rolls away eastward, and the swelling range of Helvellyn—the Yellow Mountain—surges against the south. In the west, Catbells—the Chair of Belus—and the Newlands mountains melt into the sky in a vague blue dream.

Hearken! Here in this natural prison, sentinelled by stern Helvellyn and sterner Skiddaw, rise the voices of a mighty multitude. They come from neighbouring Naddle, from Borrowdale, from the caves of Fornside, from Wythburn, and from High Watendlath. Rude warriors, decked with bravery of skins and paint of war; wild women, inhumanly eager to gaze on slaughter, grasping but dimly the motive of the sacrifices; crowing children in arms, and curious children afoot; agile young mountaineers, proud of their first yew bows; and tender, pitying girls, full of sorrow for companions doomed to die as unacknowledged offerings to a false god. See! they come hither, a great and motley company! And more, still more, swell the throng. At the head of the procession march the cunning priests in snowy robes, leading the white bulls and the doomed maidens, deemed holy and pure enough for Baal. Surging through the pathways of the narrow valleys, they chant wild hymns and accompany themselves with savage music; but those loud, impressive songs, strong with the strength of powerful

male voices, float fruitlessly through the empyrean, never to break at the feet of a beneficent and All-wise Ruler. Misdirected as are these invocations, there can be no chord touched in Heaven. Vain are their cries, and vainer are their mutterings; but the mystic cadence rolls out sonorously, filling with awe those simple barbaric worshippers, echoing in the hills and startling the wood pigeons in the umbrageous hollows of Naddle and Saint John. Now the Arch Druid, bearing the sacred golden axe, enters at the western end, and passes through the circle into the priest's place, there to direct the bloody work that is to proclaim the might of a demoniacal deity. Let us, however, close our eyes on the sufferings of the doomed—shut our ears against the despairing cries fated to be drowned in the thunder of the sacrificial song. Lovely, ill-starred girls, with bronze-brown hair, unfilleted, cast their eyes for the last time on the bounteous beauty of the May morning as they move up to the fatal slab, crowned in ghastly mockery with fair young oak-leaves and mistletoe. This was a typical scene of those olden days of superstition and despair, and we shudder as we call the dreadful picture to mind.

To return to the present. Whilst I have been indulging in this reverie, my friend has been down to the banks of the Greta for a handful of broom—that golden flower (whose kinsman, the *genista*, gave its name to the Plantagenets) thrives in these valleys. The broom is a priceless, peerless flower. Shakespeare says—

> . . . . . broom groves,
> Whose shadow the dismissèd bachelor loves.

My companion is, however, successful in his love. He therefore ignores the quotation, and decks the unwilling bovine trio, which has taken up its station behind us, with the yellow blossoms. We sink down on the grass, and

lose ourselves in the rapture of contemplating the snow-white loveliness of the cattle outlined against the brilliance of the windy blue.

O, what a merry month is May! Even the holly has decked itself in honour of her with quite a host of delicate creamy-white flowers, and the gorse has kept some of the faintly-scented blossoms of apricot odour, which April left behind, in order to offer them to the fairer sister. We are told that when furze is out of flower kissing is out of season, so it appears that the happy youths and maidens of the Lake district may still enjoy the privilege. A blackbird calls in a distant wood; the earth is dry, and he, poor fellow, is reduced to the precarious chances of grubbing in garden beds. A magpie chatters in the covert, to our reflective litany making regular response; and, high overhead, in the full strength of the cool wind, a little lark pours out his soul at the stairway of Heaven.

We are now taking a course across the high lands, through hedges and over walls. We notice the wild bees nozzling in the abundant blossoms, making the most of the golden possibilities of the time.

At this elevation we seem to feel that we are nearer to our ideal heaven; but, looking upwards, we are struck by the measureless quality of space; and more so when we come to a still pool in the centre of a damp moorland pasture, where the spotted and the common orchis rear their compact masses of bloom, and the lesser red-rattle shows its pink, fleshy flowers. There, amongst the flowering water weeds, in the quiet sleeping water wherein the sky lies mapped out in all the beauty of spreading cape and promontory of cloud, our spirits try to sound the depths of those mysterious blue gulfs; but all our efforts are as naught before that awful grandeur which marks the boundary of the vasty region wherein lie dormant all the immensities of thought.

Afar off, towards Thirlmere and Wythburn, we see the mosslands of Shoulthwaite, green with sweet-gale—that delightful moisture-loving plant which botanists term bog-myrtle; and nearer, right in the middle of a meadow full of snowy, playful little lambs, a patriarchal oak spreads out his knotted arms—the forefathers of which doubtless had their part in those oldtime festivals we have referred to. From the ancestors of that perfumed crabtree standing down there in the corner, full of beautiful promise, Druidic maidens have doubtless plucked the vassal mistletoe. The larches, which were so smartly bejewelled with waxy pink blossoms in the early days of April, are now full of large purple cones, still tender with running sap. A carrion, or fell crow, has nested in one of these trees, which rears its straight, tall shaft aloft like "the mast of some great ammiral;" the hungry young robbers are already vigorous and wide-awake—so wide-awake indeed that Mistress Husbandwoman down in the dell must have a care of her chickens, or these daring fellows, whose watchword is rapine, and whose creed is slaughter, will soon make their acquaintance.

Thick boskage would doubtless be the principal characteristic of these lone valleys in the days of the Brigantes, before the Vikings came to make their clearings and found their sæters; hence there would be always a rare cover for game and its necessary concomitants of carnivorous beasts and birds; but the carrion crow, the buzzard, the falcon, the hawk, and the raven are now becoming year by year more rare, owing to the stupidity of gamekeepers and the indifference of their masters; so that, whilst we still have traces of our ancestry for ever obtruded upon us in the nomenclature of the district—in the family names of Dowthwaite, of Fearon, of Cartmel, of Branthwaite, of Hawkrigg; and in the place-names of Greta, Blencathra,

Glendaramakin, Threlkeld, Penruddock, Helvellyn, Legburthwaite, etc., the wild ox, the red deer, the wolf, have ceased to roam the valleys, and the eagle no longer cleaves the air above the crags of Borrowdale.

We wander, not unwillingly, to more crabtrees—temples of delicate perfume, the happy homes of legions of greedy flies, past more flowering hollies, whose green berries may be seen forming out of the unassuming blossom, and into a green larch wood, whose long silky grass is swarming with young missel thrushes, which glance at us timidly with their bright beady eyes, showing their speckled breasts, then hop away for a dozen yards or so, only to do the same thing all over again right through the covert.

My companion says that he feels like a wild thing in these cloistral, dappled shades, and would fain fraternise with that hungry squirrel whose tanned coat glances in the sunshine as he airily swings from tree-top to tree-top. What is that sudden flash of grey and blue? It is a jay; hearken to its querulous cry echoing through the wood! But now, issuing once more into the open, and scaring a group of stockdoves, feeding on a little knoll just beyond the confines of the plantation, we hear something that sounds infinitely more querulous—it is the noise made by a colony of baby peewits, who are holding a grand aerial review, and trying to outvie each other with bold eccentricities of flight and screams. They seem to be very petulant and complaining; but they are by no means dissatisfied with the beauty above and around them; they are exuberantly, boisterously happy, and their cries are cries of joy. Lifting our eyes to these jubilant revellers, we naturally look still higher, and are overjoyed to see a strange bird in the blue, and to hear its faint, far-away mew, like that of a kitten in distress; that is a buzzard, sailing sleepily toward his home high in the inaccessible

freedom of Wanthwaite Crag. There he has his eyry, where greedy mate and young ones wait for dinner. Is it fancy, or do we actually hear the solemn *Croak, croak, croak,* of the black Viking bird in the distance? Yes, there it is, the old familiar sound, almost like a dog's bark; and we can just descry the black pirate sailing away like a speck in the direction of Wythburn.

A day like this would melt the heart of a misanthrope, and bring him closer to his kind. Words cannot describe its loveliness; speech is but a puff of wind compared with the exquisite reality. The swelling pomp of growing foliage, merging into the darker matured greens; the ground everywhere bursting with new promises of beauty, and the birds singing those thoughts which we ourselves feel powerless to put in speech. Surely there was never a life too indifferent to all joy not to leap exultantly to new powers of fancy, and to new vigour of body and soul—not to thrill with all its possible strength—in the sweet blossom-time of May. And especially to those with youth's blue wonderland stretching away before them—half veiled with light mists of dreams—scenes such as these must bring that glorious feeling of being more than matter, more than automata—of being, in fact, part of God, part of the wonderful Kosmos, part of, and indivisible with eternity; linked by exquisite chains of vitality to immemorial days of May-time strength and joyous hopefulness; and in harmony with that blessed expectation, that reaches far away through finite perspective to the Great Architect enthroned in the unfathomable beyond.

Here, to the true lover of May, there can be few dull hours. Though the skies may lower, though the rain may pour, beauty is still abroad; and we older men, in cloudy and in sunny moments alike, may see in every unassuming flower, and in every agate-coloured brook, the vision of

bygone springs filled with the manifold freshness of our dead youth; for there was never a day so dull and downcast that some lovely streak of colour in the sky, some new-born flower, some leaf just venturing into light and freedom, some revelation of jewelled water, have not united it to all the infinite possibilities of beauty.

When the western hills show up sharp and clear against the aureolin-tinted sky of sunset, and the purple shadows begin to creep towards the Chair of Belus from the barren pastures of Newlands; when Skiddaw lies sombrely against the silver of the northern heavens, we shall have to depart for a region of smoke and brick, cheerless and dismal, save for the honest souls labouring therein, whose faces, full of the sunshine of loving-kindness, are sweeter even than flowers to those who know and love them.

We shall be loth to go without having had vouchsafed to us the power to put on record pictorially that lovely vision of young cattle in the Druids' Circle, silhouetted against the charming sky; the weird unwonted beauty of night viewed from Friars' Crag, where the thrushes sing in the mists of evening, and most melodiously after rain; the pomp of surging hills and savage crags, but we can at least take away with us remembrances of those idyllic scenes to dwell upon hereafter. And though we have heard no nightingale's impassioned, unwearying voice, sing on through the moonlit changes of the night, we have listened under the mossy boughs, where we stood knee-deep in dewy fern, drinking in the stillness, to the mysterious cry of a cuckoo, dreaming of the day; and, before Venus lit her fair, dim lamp in the west, directly after sunset, on her voyage past those brilliant twins, Castor and Pollux, we have heard the mavis making memorable music through the dales. To a Northman, this bird is dearer than the nightingale.

But, as yet, it is too early to think of our departure, and we gladly turn again to where the grass is all atwinkle in the strong light, and sit down besides a little beck which plays a low liquid accompaniment to our pleasant thoughts. What sweet music there is in the gurgle of water against stones and reeds! There, by the singing stream, in view of Derwentwater, one might sit until great throbbing Mars illumines the constellation Scorpio with a point of red above the pinewood that spires to the southern heavens. Already, indeed, the moon shows in the zenith like a tiny fleece, very soon to light the pinnacles of Walla Crag and the grey gulfs of Borrowdale with exquisite radiance. It is, therefore, time for my friend to sing this song, and for us both unwillingly to go.

WHEN THE BROOM IS BLOWING BONNIE IN THE NORTH COUNTREE.

Come to the mountain, come to the mere,
  Come to the blossom-land, loved of the Spring,
Where every fountain is jewelled and clear
  As the eyes of our maidens who smile when they sing :
For the hawthorn is breathing its sweets to the morn,
  And the happy lark is telling the world of its glee ;
The thrush carols loud when the glad day is born
  Where the broom is blowing bonnie in the North Countree.

Come where the wild bee weddeth the flowers,
  Humming May marriage-hymns over the land,—
Tenderest minstrelsy, full of the powers
  Of Love, and the passion that all understand :
Come, for the corncrake chatters of thy coming,
  And the purple-coated swallow twitters praises of thee,
And perchance of human lovers the minstrel bees are humming—
  I tell you, pretty sweetheart, that it well may be.

They say the hours are dull when the east wind whistles,
  But cool and crisp and bracing is to-day,
Though the wind is in the east, right glad are man and beast,
  As the grass-lands sway their banners to the May.
And oh ! my pretty love, you may fear no thistles
  When you wander in the meadows in your play,
For the cowslip bells are ringing, and the Spring is with us singing,
  And the busy magpie bids you come and stay.

The rich-voiced redbreast is now at his flute
  Where the beech-leaves are turning from gold into green ;
The wood-pecker's bill is busy ; each coot
  Has preened its new feathers and prides in the sheen :
And, if you want to sleep, you may close your drowsy lids
  'Neath the wide, swaying boughs of the sycamore tree,
Or where the foaming chestnut waves its perfumed pyramids,
  Then the world is changed to heaven in the dreamy liberty.

Come to the mountain, come to the mere,
  Come to the blossom-land, loved of the Spring,
Where every fountain is jewelled and clear
  As the eyes of our maidens who smile when they sing :
For the hawthorn is breathing its sweets to the morn,
  And the happy lark is telling the world of its glee,
The thrush carols loud when the glad day is born
  Where the broom is blowing bonnie in the North Countree.

IN MEMORIAM: J. D. WATSON.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

THE bleak opening of the new year will long be remembered for the death of one so honourably known in the annals of Lancashire art as John Dawson Watson, who died on the 3rd of January, 1892, and was followed to his grave in Conway Cemetery, on the 7th, by a large group of sorrowing friends. But those who gathered round the artist's grave in that quaint and picturesque old Welsh town are but the merest fraction of those to whom his work has given pleasure and inspiration, nor should he pass away without some expression of regret and admiration.

Amongst the most distinguished of the artists belonging to the group sometimes called the "Manchester School"—a phrase not so frequently heard now-a-days—must be classed the artist whose recent loss we lament. Watson, although not a native of the cotton capital, was closely and honourably connected with it by the ties of artistic education, kindred, and friendship. He was born at Sedbergh, in Yorkshire, on the 20th of May, 1832, but came of Lancashire stock. His mother was connected with the Dawsons of Wharton, and his father, Dawson Watson, was a son of Mr. J. M. Watson of Borwick Hall, of which place there is a picture in Nash's great work on the "Mansions of England." He inherited from his father a strong taste for pictorial art. Mr. Dawson Watson had a native faculty for drawing, which enabled him to sketch

faithful portraits from memory of his friends, and even to paint with fidelity those who had been dead for some years. Mr. Watson having been forced to adopt the profession of a solicitor, instead of following the natural bent of his inclinations to art, was disposed to look with greater sympathy upon the pictorial tendencies of his son. These were not long in developing, for when at Sedbergh Grammar School, which he entered in his eighth year, he distinguished himself by artistic more than by scholastic progress. A Greek Grammar, with copious pictorial annotations, brought him the penalty of translating a thousand lines of Homer. The Rev. J. H. Evans, the head master, was, however, quick to recognise the talent of his pupil, and when he found that the boy intended to pursue an artistic career, encouraged him by good advice and by a commission. As he left school at fifteen, this was an early beginning of artistic work. A great influence upon his future arose from his acquaintance with the second master of the school, the Rev. Isaac Green, whose wife was a daughter of Mr. Julius Cæsar Ibbetson, and possessed many of her father's pictures. These had considerable effect upon his early style. Mrs. Green had a good knowledge of the rudiments of art, and gave the boy much useful information on the technicalities both of oil and water colours. At the age of fifteen he left Sedbergh for Manchester, in order to become a student of the School of Art, where his diligence earned him the privilege of working in the school beyond the usual hours. Here he made the acquaintance of Mr. George Hayes, to whose influence is due his emancipation from the harshness and crudity of his earlier methods. In 1851, young Watson went to London, where he entered the studio of Mr. Alick Cooper. By his encouragement he decided to attempt the production of a picture. The result was the

"Wounded Cavalier," which was exhibited at the Royal Institution in 1851. He became a student of the Royal Academy, but in 1852 left the metropolis for Manchester, and occupied himself largely in portrait painting. His first contribution to the Royal Academy was in 1853, when he exhibited the "Painter's Studio," which contains portraits of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Cooper. The artist has represented himself as standing behind Mr. Cooper, watching the artist at work. He came now, to a certain extent, under what were vaguely known as Pre-Raphaelite influences, and some figures painted in this mood were bought by Mr. John Millar, of Liverpool. They were seen by Mr. Ford Madox Brown, who, always prompt in the recognition of talent, invited the painter to exhibit at his house in London. Mr. Watson was a member of the Letherbrow Club, a literary and artistic *coterie*, the members of which devoted much time and skill to a manuscript magazine. For this, Watson executed many drawings. One member of the club was the late Mr. Joseph Perrin, a bookseller, and a man of considerable literary power and still greater literary taste. Mr. Perrin was a warm admirer of Mr. Watson, and showed some pen sketches to Mr. George Routledge, and the result was a commission to illustrate an edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." This proved an immense success, and was followed by many other illustrated books. In 1858, he married his cousin, Miss Jane Dawson Edmondson, who had sat as his model as early as 1850. In 1860, he removed to London, but continued for a time in his painting under those French influences which produced the so-called "Manchester School." He was never, however, a slavish imitator of any of the styles, which, successively, modified his own practice. He was elected an Associate of the Society of Painters in Water Colours in 1864, and a Member in 1869. Failing health warned him


TWELFTH NIGHT OR WHAT YOU WILL
S.D.W.

in 1865 to seek some relaxation and relief, and he settled in Surrey, where his brother-in-law, Mr. Birket Foster, resided. His familiarity, arising from prescribed horse exercise, with the Surrey lanes is visible in many pictures of this period. In 1866 he painted "The Poisoned Cup," which greatly advanced his reputation, and obtained a medal at the Vienna International Exhibition. In 1867, Mr. Watson exhibited a picture of "The Parting," which gained the Heywood prize. It is engraved in the *Art Journal* of 1876, and represents the last farewell between a couple who have vowed fidelity at the altar. The woman's face is not seen, but the tell-tale letters on the floor, her despairing attitude, and the stern yet pitying face of her husband tell of—

> Love by harsh evidence
> Thrown from its eminence.

One day Mr. Watson decided to try his luck at etching. He took a copper and prepared it according to the verbal instructions previously received from a brother artist, and began to work from a living model then in his studio. When he thought the sketch complete he bit it in, and the result of this first essay is a really fine etching, which may be seen in the fourth volume of the *Portfolio*. Mr. Watson modestly said that "any merit the plate has as an etching is due to sheer good luck," but Mr. Hamerton very judiciously observes on this point, "not altogether so; or at least, it is the sort of luck which happens to only good artists. Sometimes, it is true, an artist etches a good plate by a sort of happy chance, but in these cases there has always been great artistic accomplishments and experience in some kindred art to prepare the hand for its novel feat of skill; the luck in this instance was in the biting; but there was no luck at all in the drawing, or in the conception of light and shade."

Mr. Watson was greatly interested in dramatic matters, and his accurate knowledge of the archæology of costume made him a competent adviser in the matter of Shakesperian revivals. He was consulted by Mr. Charles Calvert in the production of *Henry V.* at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, and made sixty-five water-colour drawings to illustrate the fashion in which that piece should be put upon the stage. He gave a further proof of his talent in this direction by the part he took in the production of *Twelfth Night*, in 1871, at Newcastle. The performance was on 25th April, 1871, and the object was to aid the fund for the sufferers from the war throughout France. The piece was arranged for the stage by Mr. Henry Shields, but fifty dresses were not only designed but "cut out" by Mr. Watson. The part of the Duke was sustained by Mr. Arthur Marsh, whilst Mr. J. D. Watson played the clown, and Mr. T. J. Watson the character of Fabian. The book of the words was illustrated by several woodcuts from Mr. Watson's designs, and the costumes, after they had served their purpose, were divided between the Artists' Society and the Manchester Academy of Fine Arts. In 1873 he painted "A Stolen Marriage," which afterwards gained the prize of £100 at the Westminster Aquarium. In 1876 the Royal Water Colour Society of Belgium elected him a member of their body, and he contributed three pictures to their exhibition of the following year.

In 1877 Mr. Watson's friends organised an exhibition of his works at the Brazenose Club, Manchester, and the collection then brought together was a remarkable illustration alike of the progress and versatility of his powers. At a complimentary dinner on the 23rd November, 1877, the chairman—the late Mr. Alfred Aspland—in an introductory speech, referred to "The Nightingale," "The Stolen Wedding," "Only Been with a Few Friends," and

"The Poisoned Cup," as characteristic specimens of the artist's powers. Mr. Watson, in reply, said, "Accept my warmest thanks for the toast you have just proposed, and for the very kind and handsome manner in which you have spoken of myself, which, flattering as it is, coming from yourself, I take to be said in all sincerity; and, gentlemen, accept also my warmest thanks for the way in which you have received and responded to the toast. My connection with Manchester, now extending over 30 years, is one long history of benefit and kindnesses received by me from my Manchester friends, and of late years more particularly from members of the Brazenose Club. In the collection of my pictures now formed by the Club, and the gathering here to-night, I receive another proof of the continued kindness of the members of the club, a kindness for which I have no words adequately to thank you, and no means of returning, and for which I must ever remain your debtor. In doing all I could to forward your views in forming the collection of my works, I have met with some difficulty. I could not trace many of the works I wished to obtain, but still I have got a fairly representative collection, beginning with my first picture, executed at Manchester in 1851, and coming down to the present year. My latest picture, 'The Yeoman's Wedding,' is at the Royal Institution, and will probably be known to most present. I have not spared myself at all, but have shown both good and bad. The collection is a history of my fluctuations, mistakes, and shortcomings. If, then, my friends should take them as my successes, I shall be very proud. But, at any rate, if no great merit can be found in any work, it may act as a warning to others, and perhaps a man has not lived in vain if he can be held up as an 'awful example' of all that is bad. I think such a collection will be interesting to many old

friends, and may be useful to some of my young ones. It has been most instructive to myself; the severest criticism is nothing to compare to it; and I hope my future work will show that the lesson I owe to you has not been thrown away. I drink to you all, and those friends who are unavoidably absent to-night." Mr. J. H. E. Partington, alluding to Mr. Watson's connection with the Manchester School, acknowledged the influential character of his relations with it. "In the old town of Conway," he said, "and in the beautiful region round Milford in Surrey, he has lived with them and worked with them, and I for one am proud to acknowledge my obligations to him as an elder brother of the brush whose help has been unflinching, and whose kindly sympathy has only been equalled by his power to suggest and to direct." There is no doubt that the feeling thus warmly expressed was general amongst local artists, to whom Watson always delighted to show his friendly feeling. Another speaker, Mr. Selim Rothwell, expressed the hope that the mural decorations of the Town Hall might be confided to Mr. Watson. The wish was shared by many, and a plan by which he would have superintended the labours of a number of Manchester artists was submitted to the committee and had the enthusiastic advocacy of Mr. J. H. E. Partington, of whom one always felt a doubt as to whether he was more accomplished and eloquent with the pen or with the brush. The Town Hall mural panels, as we all know, were, however, entrusted to the hands of Mr. Ford Madox Brown. In recent years Mr. Watson's name has not been so prominently before the public. He became a member of the Royal Cambrian Academy, and did some decorative work for Colonel Henry Platt's mansion at Llanfairfechan, but failing health had somewhat impaired, if not the power, yet the easy activity of


J.D.W.
HOMELESS


J.D.W.


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earlier years. He was resident at Conway, and there the end came, before he had quite reached a tale of threescore years.

Going over these details of a brilliant life, which has yet failed to be rounded to "a fine completeness," two things will recur vividly to the memory of those who have watched with interest and admiration the artistic career of John Dawson Watson. The first is the publication of his illustrations of the "Pilgrim's Progress," which revealed to the outside world the strength, facility, and poetic instinct of his graceful lines. True, these drawings have not the seer-like vision we see in Shield's illustrations of the inspired tinker, but with that solitary exception they are the best artistic rendering we have yet had of the "Pilgrim's Progress." The second thing that comes to memory is the Watson Exhibition, at the Brazenose Club, in 1877, when 158 examples of his versatile industry as an artist were exhibited. His genius was as clearly shown in single figures as in his more elaborate compositions. The grace, beauty, and poetry of the little girl listening with charmed attention to the song of the nightingale is as marked as the mingled tenderness, humour, and pathos of the "Yeoman's Wedding," or the dramatic vigour of the "Poisoned Cup." Watson had both skill and learning as a colourist, but his chief claim to our admiration, is his power of first conceiving vividly some situation of interest, some marked expression of passion, pathos, or humour, and then of reproducing it with a dexterity, force, and grace that went beyond the beholder's intellect and touched his heart. We may say of him that which Longfellow has said of Albert Durer—

> *Emigravit* is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies,
> Dead he is not, but departed, for the artist never dies.

[The illustrations to this paper will give an idea of Watson's style and accomplishment as a book illustrator. The blocks have been kindly lent by Mr. Henry Boddington, of Pownall Hall.]

FLOTSAM FROM IRELAND.

BY WM. CLOUGH.

IT happened this way—It was holiday time! There were fourteen days of blessed relief from drudgery! Do you know what that means? Three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and out of them fourteen! Fourteen days to call the soul one's own—to breathe free from subjection—to lie on the breast of our great Mother, to see, to hear, to do! Fourteen days to be one's self, to go out in the world clad and in a right mind, to mix with others than the sordid, suspicious crowd of muck-rakers; to be taken for what you are, apart from your surroundings. Fourteen days in which to deliver yourself—to say, I will go whither I list, and no man shall forbid me. Oh, my treasure, my golden fourteen days!

To walk with a gracious lady in the streets of a fine city to enter shops and listen to the sweet voices of educated girls; the silversmiths, the laces, the pictures that we saw. It was a chance meeting. The luggage was left at the depôt. I sauntered about in the morning of a working day free, looking at shop windows, and escorting a lady about the streets as the men and women do that Du Maurier draws. At last the morning ends. She says:

"My train goes now; I hope you will enjoy your holiday." Great heavens! I had enjoyed! If that daughter of the gods—

Divinely tall, and most divinely fair,

ever reads these lines, let her read here that I am grateful. May her gentle voice ever sound sweet and low, and minister, in the coming years, words of comfort to one who holds her in his heart of hearts!

Then I went for something to eat. As the luncheon was finishing, I looked at "Bradshaw," and found that a ship sailed for Cork in half-an-hour. I went on that ship. The day was fine, and the sea calm. As we crept along the Welsh land, the warning eyes shone as the day fell over the coast. This had a steady, white gaze—that was red, and blinked; each said, "Beware!" The moon and the stars looked down on us, and the great ship shouldered the seas "to faery lands forlorn."

"Yes, that is Ireland; the lighthouse; and the little town beyond is Ballycotton; and round that headland is Queenstown and the Cove of Cork." So said the captain.

At the door of the hotel, at Cork, looking at the broad South Mall, I fell into talk with an American gentleman, who was vastly entertaining. He had had twelve months in Europe, and was going home from Queenstown. There was a beautiful young lady approaching, well dressed, with the unmistakable Paris seal on her attire. She sailed straight up to me, and, unintroduced, said—

"You admiring my bonnet?"

"Yes, and what is under it as well," was the reply.

"You'll get through if you own up like that; won't he, poppa?"

So the old gentleman was her father, and, of course, if "poppa" talks, why not daughter? This was not forwardness, nor audacity. It was nature—American—but frank

and fearless, like the girl's own eyes, and as clean as the frock she wore. While we were talking, there was a clatter of hoofs, and a troop of hussars pranced round the corner. Among them was a carriage with two Judges inside. It was Cork Assizes. The young lady asked—

"What's the ceremony?"

"They are the Judges of Assize."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "and you make a fuss over a judge! We don't in my country."

"No; but then, you see, they are not so plentiful here, and they are of a different quality of men."

"That's right," she said; "poppa's a judge."

The Irish are a witty nation! Their wit has a lie or a cruelty in it. They have a fine understanding of other wit than their own. In the crowd watching the arrival of the Judges was an Englishman. He had asked what the crowd was for, and on being told, he fired off Hood's joke, expecting that warm-hearted, generous souls would appreciate it. Not a bit; so he quoted—

> The great Judge and the little Judge,
> The Judges of Assize.

"Are they the same height?" he asked.

"No, sorr, I don't think they are."

Oh, they are quick-witted over there—after a sixpence, perhaps. The poor young fellow who had had the happy thought went away sorrowful, for he had come to Ireland with great expectations.

The railway ride to Bantry is through a pleasant land. We enjoyed it. Some of us kept together all through. You have been introduced to two of them. Here is another

THE SPECIALIST.

He was an American, tall, and of good substance, fifty years old, with a clear, brown eye, good mouth, and a long,

grey beard, clean-shaven elsewhere. He had a habit of moistening his lips by passing the tip of his tongue between them before he spoke, as if he were about to address an audience. A quiet man. It was he who asked a rich Parsee if he was not a fire-worshipper, and another, how many dollars he earned. To him the appointments of the hotel were elegant; so was the scenery. With his countrymen, after a few preliminary remarks, his conversation drifted into dollars. He calls water "wattr," fertile, "fertl." He did not smoke; he drank water. A man full of quiet energy. His voice was low-toned, and carried far.

One night, at Glengariff—how the mind pauses at the witchery of the name! Does the salt tide, running inland miles on miles, anywhere kiss so sweet a shore as this? The gentle lapping on the beach just heaved the seaweed on its gentle rise. Round rocky islet after islet, tree-covered and verdant to the rim, glistening in the moonbeams, darkling under the crag, the sweet water comes from a far-off ocean home. The tower on the island was black against the blue of heaven. The leaves of the trees in yonder bay were silver in the light; scent of sweetbriar, and murmur of roses nodding in the breeze.

"Say," said a voice I knew, "this is elegant." It was the specialist. He enquired after my calling, and, on being told, asked if I got dollars enough at it. He was informed that the remuneration was princely. In turn, I asked him what he was; and with that charming frankness which distinguishes his countrymen, he said, "I am a specialist."

"What in?" said I.

"Wall, I invented a hog ring. Yes, sir, that's right; it does prevent hogs grubbing green stuff. Thar is one single wire just bent in the form of a circle, and the ends are cut at an angle, so they are sharp. They go through

the soft gristle, just slick, before the hog knows where he is. I tried it at a packing-house in Chicago. One of the hogs put his snout through the bars, and I slipt one on. He was so pleased that he showed it around, and the rest came. Yes, sir, thar was a lawsuit over it on the question of priority. It was a long fight, but the decision was in my favour—that's right. I travelled in my own country some, and now I've done Yurrup. This hotel is elegant."

One remark of this gentleman's amused me—

"You see," said he, "no wonder your Irish don't like your courts, as they have not a square show."

"Oh yes, they have," I replied; "they are tried by jury."

"Wall, but," said he, "don't your Judges carry their own juries around?"

"No," I roared.

"Wall, I thought they did."

THE PARSEE.

It must not be supposed that all the travelling companions met on this visit were Americans. True, they were like grace where sin is—they abounded. In the railway carriage going to Bantry there were Americans, Englishmen, and a Parsee—a little fat man, nearly as round as he was high, with his private secretary, his courier, and his body-servant. He looked sleepy; his Oriental eyes were bilious-looking orbs; he was like a dirty jelly-bag; his mind was acute; his English irreproachable; his logic, keen. The Americans were defending the M'Kinley Tariff, with some animation, when he joined in the fray. He asked—

"Is there one per cent of your population interested in tin?"

"One per cent, sir? No, sir—not one half."

"Well," replied the Parsee, "and you are content to tax all the rest of the country to enable that half to prosper."

One of the Americans said, "That is right." The rest were silent. Then an American—

"Wall, I guess we live in a free country."

"I beg your pardon," said the Parsee; "I live in a free country, as a loyal subject of the Queen of England and Empress of India; and because I live in a free country, I can compete with your cotton manufacturers, and beat them in open competition."

"You are a fire-worshipper, ain't you?" said one of them.

The Parsee very solemnly said, "We have fire and the sun as the visible emblems of that one Divine Goodness, who holds the world in the hollow of His hand. When we pray towards them, it is that they remind us of Him who is behind them."

KENMARE.

The approach to the town of Kenmare is lovely. As the coach descends the hill, a wide river and fine estuary give the charm of moving water to the scene. The foliage is luxuriant. Flowers abound. It is with a flourish and cracking of whips that we arrive at the hotel for change of horses. Of course, the pestilential beggars at once appear. The vendors of gooseberries are persistent. With one hand engaged in fumbling in her breasts after live stock, and the other holding a measure, a tempting, blear-eyed hag wont be denied, so we take refuge in flight. Down the wide street we go to the nunnery of Kenmare. It is a spacious, clean building, with nice gardens, and a good playground for the children, who look healthy and happy. A sister takes us to the workroom. Here we see girls and young women making beautiful needle-point lace in a good, large room, well lighted and clean. One of us takes up a piece of lace and asks the price. He rather prides himself that he knows good lace when he sees it.

The sister at once understood this—how, it is hard to say—but, very adroitly, before naming the price, she said to another clear-eyed, low-voiced sister, "Here is a gentleman who knows good lace." "Ah," said No. 2, as she drew the lovely material through her slender fingers, "it is the best piece we have got;" and a shy look, that thanked you for admiring the delicate fabric, blended with admiration and wonder that a man should have taste enough to know good work, completed the conquest, and he bought, for love of the lace, and in honest approval of the clean schools, and to help a new industry of such an artistic nature.

THE LAWYER.

During one of the wet days at Killarney, we took shelter under an arch from the wind and rain. My companion was an American, of Irish descent, who was paying his first visit to the home of his race. Naturally, he was delighted with the verdure of the fields and the soft foliage of the trees. The flowers in the cottagers' gardens were a delight to him, and the ease and rest of a first-rate hotel were a revelation. At his first appearance, there was a haste to get his food, but when he saw that there was no hurry, and that food in sufficient quantity was forthcoming, he soon lost his eagerness, and learned to wait his turn with composure. I liked him; I had good reason. On this journey I had a grey touring suit, and no other, with me. At our late dinner, where the ladies were suitably dressed, and the gentlemen, at the least, had white shirts and black coats, I should have been regarded with "looks" on my first appearance, had I not been accompanied by a young clergyman, in his usual dress. So it came to pass that I thought of speaking to my neighbour on my right. He did not respond; but my American lawyer, on the opposite side of the table, did, to my great joy. Now, this was better. In speaking across a table, you have a larger

audience than when you mutter your good things in the ear of your neighbour; and, as I was determined to make them forget my grey coat and flannel shirt, I hailed the opportunity, and thanked the opposite gentleman in my heart. After dinner we consorted together, and walked into the town. Under that arch he told me the story of his life. The simple pathos of the early struggle, and the quiet gratification of the man at his success are beyond recall. They were expressed by the tones of his voice and the movements of his body more than by words.

"Yes, sir, my father came from Ireland, and so did my mother. He was one of the men who helped to make my country. He did not succeed; he drank hard; he worked hard. Yes, that's one reason I don't take anything but water at dinner. After his death we had close times. I worked in the fields with my mother as hired hands; there was no time for anything but work and sleep. Then my mother died. I worked round at all sorts of labour. My longest job was at cleaning the entrails of beasts of their fat, for which I earned a quarter per beast. At this I saved money, with which I started a store, and sold garden stuff and dry goods. My wife—yes, sir, I married on the store—my wife was a good help, and at twenty-four years of age I opened my first English grammar. I was hungry to know things. Then I got an assistant help in the store. My wife and he got able to manage it. I did the marketing, and at nine o'clock of the morning all was ready for trade; then I went to college; no one but the wife knew. After my second term, I told my friends I intended reading law, still running the store. They objected, but I took my degree, and practised as attorney. Then I was called to the Bar, and I have made my living from the first year by the law. Now, sir, this is my first holiday, and it is elegant."

One could not help being moved by so simple a tale of such noble endeavour. With moist eyes, I enquired of the wife.

"Well, sir, madame would have been with me, but she's expectin'," he replied, his Irish grey eyes sparkling.

This man did me good. So frank, so able, so modest. The questions he asked me on banking and mercantile law and practice in England were direct and thorough, showing that our English decisions are respected, and cases quoted in their courts, not to compel the assent of their judges, but to cast light on disputed points. It struck me that he was only on the lower rungs of the ladder, which, with health, he would undoubtedly climb. He saw, not with approval, the habits of the people and the attitude of their spiritual guides. He said, with emphasis, "In my country they would not be permitted to defy the government in this way."

Of course, everybody knows the loveliness of Killarney, the austere grandeur of the Gap of Dunloe, the beauty of Innisfallen. The delighted eye is charmed with verdure, if the ear is sickened with the importunities of the most unblushing beggars and liars that ever went unwhipped! Why should a crowd of horse-cads besiege you all the way from the hotel to the Gap? Why should shameless women and girls persist in dogging your steps all the way through the pass, dinning your ears with their cries, and so distracting the mind that the beauty and grandeur of the scene are hurried through, in order to escape their blatant tongues? Of course you say, ask us something easier. Well, then—

We were sailing over the middle lake—charmed, entranced! The bugle had been blown, and songs sung, by our boatmen, and answered by those in another boat, not far away, and we rested to enjoy the scene. The lawyer said to the stroke—

"Have you had a good season?"

"Yes, sorr, we have."

"You seem happy and contented around here; is that so?"

"Yes, it is, sorr."

There was a priest in the boat, who had poured ridicule on our steersman, because he had found him in a lie, who here said, "You forget you are under Balfour." Now, why did these men suddenly groan at that name? And why did a minister of the gospel of peace, instead of being pleased at the prosperity of these boatmen, seek to keep alive hatred and malice, and uncharitableness? Is that easier? For myself, I give it up. The beauty of the day was killed. This was the reason of the American lawyer's strictures. He would have taken a short way with such men, and yet he was of their creed.

The young American lady and her father, and one other, were gazing at the sunset. The young lady broke the solemn silence.

DRESS.

"Well, poppa, I think I'll shake my frocks out to-morrow."

"Very well," the old man answered.

"What does that mean?" said I.

"I guess it means my daughter's been buying things in Europe, and she is taking them home. She wears them once, and carries them duty free."

"So evading the M'Kinley Tariff, eh?"

"Jest so."

Next morning the young lady came down to breakfast in a muslin gown, white, with great red poppies splashed all over it; very sweet and fresh she looked. In about an hour we prepared for a walk, and she joined us, in the neatest dark-blue costume, made for walking, with a little

rakish hat en suite. Then, at tea, she had a lovely brown gown, with waterfalls of lace from her throat to her dainty feet, and loose ends of ribbon about her waist and skirts. Truly she was "shaking her frocks out." At dinner she was brilliant. All day she had refrained from jewellery. In the evening she came into the drawing-room, just before the last gong sounded, a vision of delight. The dress was a corded lavender silk, with a train; it had a salmon pink lining, and a vest of the same colour. Diamonds in her ears, round her shapely throat, on her fingers, round her arms, in her hair. Delicate lace at cunning openings, on her shoulders, and at her waist, gave a dainty lightness to the costume. A subtle perfume accompanied her. An ineffable grace was in every movement. Ah! youth, that god, was in her—whatever of delicate, or ethereal, or transient—the light of stars in her eyes, the singing of forests in her voice, the gleam of sweeter than honey on her lips, the purity of the unsmirched peach was on her cheeks, the innocence of a happy soul rose and fell on her divine bosom.

"Well, poppa, am I nice?" said she.

"You'll do," was the proud father's reply, as he took her in to dinner.

This was the girl who asked, as we ascended the hill out of Glengariff, what the purple flower was that grew so plentifully about?

"That's heather."

"Is that heather?"

She was assured it was.

"The heather that Burns and Walter Scott mention?"

"The identical Irish representative," was the reply.

"Stop the coach, driver!"

"Oh!" ejaculated a young man, "don't get down; I'll get you some."

"No, you won't; I'll gather it myself, and take it home with me." She plucked some, and placed it in her pocket-book very carefully. Did her sweet young lips brush the purple blooms? I believe they did.

So the happy days wore themselves away. The light dies out; the holiday draws to its close; the mind richer with lovely scenes of natural beauty; the heart purified by contact with a sweet and noble soul; the body strengthened by out-door exercise and pure air. The man, better than he was fourteen days ago, prepares to re-enter the strife, not unwillingly. It is nearly done. The human interest has dominated. The steam is up! Loafers, ashore! As the gangway is manned, the young American lady speaks. Woman will have the last word!

THE AMERICAN GIRL ONCE MORE.

"Good-bye, sir! You will come to our Fair?"

"You mean the Chicago Exhibition, in 1893?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, no; I think not. Everything will be so dear, and I don't think I can get the time."

"Travelling will be cheap; and if you'll come over, I'll see you through; won't I, poppa?"

"You will, Sis, if you say so," agreed the father.

"Well, but," I objected, "you will be married by then."

"If I am," she answered, with a smile, "my husband will see you through, or he'll hear of it!"

He turn'd him right and round about
Upon the Irish shore;
And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
With adieu for evermore,
My dear;
Adieu for evermore!

CONSTANCE NADEN AS A POETESS.

BY B. A. REDFERN.

CONSTANCE CAROLINE WOODHILL NADEN was born at Edgbaston, Birmingham, Jan. 24th, 1858, and died, aged 31, on Dec. 23rd, 1889. Her father, the President of the Birmingham Architectural Association, is still living, but her mother died when the subject of this notice was only twelve days old, and the maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Woodhill, who were the possessors of a handsome fortune, adopted the child, and eventually made her their heiress. She is described by one who knew her in her childhood as being a quaint, retiring, meditative, and usually silent little maiden, whose special characteristics, when she was in evidence, were an absolute veracity of thought and speech, and a remarkably retentive memory. A clever and charming poem of hers entitled "Six Years Old" is evidently autobiographical of this period, and I give here a few of the verses to show how at twenty-one years of age Miss Naden, who was then the "facilè princeps" of the most cultured circles of the Midlands, could recall her childhood and think again the thoughts of the clever and impressible child of six. After describing the garden in which she is walking alone, she goes on—

"I could stay in that garden for ever,"
  And make friends with the beeches and limes;
I saw Dr. Jones, he's so clever,
  He writes to the papers sometimes!

He said that my curls wanted rumpling,
  My cheeks should be red and not pink;
He called me a sweet little dumpling—
  He's very insulting, I think.

And again—

Papa's out all day in the city,
  And I'm often in bed when he comes;
He so tired and so grave—what a pity!
  When will he have finished his sums!

Mamma says "Sweet flowers will not tarry,
  But trees are companions for life;"
I wish that great lime tree could marry
  With me for his dear little wife!

And again—

Papa will look glad when I show him
  Such new and such beautiful things;
He'll be pleased when I write my grand poem,
  And I paint a bright angel with wings.

I'll swim with a mermaid and merman
  Through the seas and the ocean so broad;
I'll learn French, and Italian, and German,
  And soon be as clever as Maude.

I'll often have tea at Aunt Mary's,
  With marmalade, orange, and quince;
I'll visit the queen of the fairies,
  And then I will marry a prince.

That was her youthful programme. We shall see how far it was carried out. Miss Naden had great advantages in training and tuition at all stages of her mental growth, whether at home, at private school, at the Midland Institute, or at the Mason College, to which she successively proceeded in her educational course, and she availed herself of these advantages with great enthusiasm, an infinite capacity for taking pains, and an almost phenomenal natural ability. Amongst her attainments as a student may be noted the mastery, at a very early age, of French,

German, Latin, and elementary Greek; such a knowledge of botany as entitled her to first-class certificates of the Science and Art Department, and of geology as enabled her to gain the Panton prize at Mason College for the best essay on the geology of the district. She was an artist of sufficient merit to have a picture from her hand accepted and hung by the Birmingham Society of Artists. She was the editress of, and chief contributor to, the College Magazine, and she was a public speaker whose eloquence, even as a young girl, gained her the unanimous vote of the members to the presidency of the Ladies' Debating Society in Birmingham. Of her style as a speaker at this period, one of her hearers says, in describing a public lecture given by her: "It was given in that matured and commanding style of oratory which only the very highest gifts could at her age either impart or justify." And to sum up this catalogue of her early attainments and powers, we have the testimony of Professor Tilden, who speaks of her as "the most brilliant student the doors of Mason College have ever admitted."

Arrived at womanhood, Miss Naden found herself in possession of the means to indulge to her heart's content in travel, and besides making acquaintance with the most beautiful and interesting scenes of our own islands, she made several excursions to the Continent, in one of which, when in Italy, she learnt Italian sufficiently well to be able on her return, to read Dante with ease, and eventually she spent eight months of the two last years of her short but full life in travelling through the cradle-lands of the world; including Greece, Egypt, Syria, and India in her tour.

Her poems were chiefly written in the period between 1878 (when she was twenty years of age) and 1887, when she gave up the muse and devoted herself to science and

social politics, for "after all," says her biographer, Mr. Hughes, "poetry was a mere amusement to her; she had, as we know, deeper and more exalted work for her intellectual powers."

Here he refers to the fact that Miss Naden was in her later years, an ardent student of science and sociology, of whom in the former capacity Herbert Spencer speaks thus:—"Very generally receptivity and originality are not associated, but in Constance Naden's mind they appear to have been equally great. I can think of no other woman save 'George Eliot' in whom there has been this union of high philosophic capacity with extensive acquisition. Unquestionably her subtle intelligence would have done much in furtherance of rational thought, and her death has entailed a serious loss."

With Miss Naden as a sociologist and ethical philosopher this paper is not intended to treat, but a short extract or two may here be given to show her standpoint.

"The religion of the future," says she, "will be a more vivid feeling of life—not of one's own life, but of life in general, a sort of extended sympathy. So that we shall shrink from doing anything against the *general* laws of happiness, even when it seems to make for *our own* happiness. At least that is the ideal which seems to me the true one."

And again: "The watchword of the coming day is unity built up from diversity. Every utterance of a true and lofty idea, in word or deed, helps to render possible a new heroic age—an age which shall find its chief glory, not in commerce or manufactures, not in discoveries and inventions, but in a life moulded to that higher expediency, which we call truth and justice, instead of the lower expediency, which may take the shape of justice or injustice, truth or falsehood."

She fell ill of a fever when in India, and from the effects of this she never thoroughly recovered. She was, however, so active and so prominent after her return, and during the remaining eighteen months of her life, in the public affairs of her county, that her death came with a great shock upon her many friends and admirers.

In person Miss Naden was tall, slender, pale, with dark hair, and a delicate yet powerful face. She had singularly clear blue-grey eyes, and a high-pitched and penetrating voice. Her manner when amongst friends only, or when roused into speech, was a confident one, but when with strangers she had a natural shyness, which made her at first seem unsympathetic, until the right note being struck she became the witty and charming conversationalist, whose bright smile and animated manner made her even beautiful. Mr. Bray, the phrenologist, says that he was much struck by the resemblance of her head to that of George Eliot, and many other of her friends seem to have found points of likeness, both physical and mental, in these two Warwickshire women.

As to Miss Naden's health, it is said that until her fatal illness she had every function, bodily and mental, in just balance. Her disposition was cheerful. No one had a keener appreciation of, or entered more readily into a frolic than she, and she was without doubt seemingly uninjured either in health or spirits by the severity of her studies.

There is, however, a significant passage in a letter from Herbert Spencer to Dr. Lewins, which conveys a different impression. He says—"I cannot let pass the occasion for remarking that in her case, as in other cases, the mental powers so highly developed in a woman are in some measure abnormal, and involve a physiological cost which the feminine organization will not bear without injury more or less profound."

Her poems are contained in two volumes, "Songs and Sonnets of Springtime, 1881," and "A Modern Apostle, and other Poems, 1887," each published by Kegan Paul and Co. They display high mental culture, skilled knowledge of the art of rhythm, an almost faultless style, great elevation of thought, and a powerful imagination, kept well—perhaps too well—in restraint. Her serious poems have a chastity of phrase, a calm purity of expression, and a statuesque grace of form which makes one turn to the sister art of sculpture for a simile, and one inclined to hypercriticism might haply in this connection discover further the smoothness of too exquisite finish, and the hardness inseparable from too rigid attention to academic rule, in such poems as "The Modern Apostle" and "The Elixir of Life." Here, although the tone is healthy, the thought lofty, the story interesting, and the verse graceful, the characters are rather abstractions than beings of flesh and blood, and the poems, as a whole, fail in dramatic quality. Her verse is mainly subjective, intellectual rather than emotional; the expression of well trained thought rather than of natural feeling. The best of her serious poems is possibly "The Pantheist's Song of Immortality," the first three verses of which were selected for translation into Latin Elegiacs at Oxford, in 1890. Mr. Gladstone says of this poem (and, by the bye, no notice of a modern celebrity would be considered complete without Mr. Gladstone's opinion of him or her) that "Miss Naden's 'Song of Immortality' is a short but singularly powerful production," and in a "Survey of British Poetry of the Nineteenth Century" he places Miss Naden's name in a list of eight women of splendid powers in poesy, which list, however, does not include the names of Mrs. Hemans, George Eliot, and others, not less known as women writers of verse. This is the poem referred to:—

THE PANTHEIST'S SONG OF IMMORTALITY.

Bring snow-white lilies, pallid heat-flushed roses,
  Enwreathe her brow with heavy-scented flowers;
In soft undreaming sleep her head reposes,
  While, unregretted, pass the sunlit hours.

Few sorrows did she know—and all are over;
  A thousand joys—but they are all forgot;
Her life was one fair dream of friend and lover;
  And were they false—ah, well, she knows it not.

Look in her face and lose thy dread of dying;
  Weep not, that rest will come, that toil will cease.
Is it not well, to lie as she is lying,
  In utter silence, and in perfect peace!

Can'st thou repine, that sentient days are numbered?
  Death is unconscious Life that waits for birth:
So did'st thou live, while yet thine embryo slumbered,
  Senseless, unbreathing, e'en as heaven and earth.

Then shrink no more from Death, though Life be gladness
  Nor seek him, restless in thy lonely pain:
The law of joy ordains each hour of sadness,
  And firm or frail thou can'st not live in vain.

What though thy name by no sad lips be spoken,
  And no fond heart shall keep thy memory green?
Thou yet shalt leave thine own enduring token,
  For earth is not as though thou ne'er had'st been.

See yon broad current hasting to the ocean
  Its ripples glorious in the western red:
Each wavelet passes, trackless; yet its motion
  Has changed for evermore the river bed.

Ah, wherefore weep, although the form and fashion
  Of what thou seemest, fades like sunset flame?
The uncreated Source of toil and passion,
  Through everlasting change abides the same.

Yes, thou shalt die: but these almighty forces
  That meet to form thee, live for evermore:
They hold the suns in their eternal courses,
  And shape the tiny sand-grains on the shore.

Be calmly glad, thine own true kindred seeing
  In fire and storm, in flowers with dew impearled;
Rejoice in thine imperishable being,
  One with the Essence of the boundless world.

Miss Naden's lighter poems are quite *sui generis.* They are more satisfying than attractive, and less humorous than witty. One does not always get, on first reading them, the sense of hearty amusement; but there is sufficient interest excited to make one read again, and then, though one does not break out into open laughter, one feels most agreeably tickled by the originality of her thought, and the quaint conjunction of ideas, similes and illustrations, drawn from Nature, Science, and Art, which they contain. There is a suggestiveness, a piquancy of phrase, and an unexpectedness which make them peculiarly enjoyable. Here is a specimen from her "Evolutional Erotics"—

SOLOMON REDIVIVUS.—1886.

What am I? Ah, you know it,
  I am the modern Sage,
Seer, savant, merchant, poet—
  I am, in brief, the Age.

Look not upon my glory
  Of gold and sandal wood,
But sit and hear a story
  From Darwin and from Buddh.

Count not my Indian treasures,
  All wrought in curious shapes,
My labours and my pleasures,
  My peacocks and my apes.

For when you ask me riddles,
  And when I answer each,
Until my fifes and fiddles
  Burst in and drown our speech,

Oh then your soul astonished
  Must surely faint and fail,
Unless by me admonished,
  You hear our wondrous tale.

We were a soft Amœba,
  In ages past and gone,
Ere you were Queen of Sheba,
  And I King Solomon.

Unorganed, undivided,
  We lived in happy sloth,
And all that you did I did,
  One dinner nourished both,

Till you incurred the odium
  Of fission and divorce,
A severed pseudopodium,
  You strayed your lonely course.

When next we met together,
  Our cycles to fulfil,
Each was a bag of leather,
  With stomach and with gill.

But our Ascidian morals
  Recalled that old mischance,
And we avoided quarrels
  By separate maintenance.

Long ages passed—our wishes
  Were fetterless and free,
For we were jolly fishes
  A-swimming in the sea.

We roamed by groves of coral,
  We watched the youngsters play—
The memory and the moral
  Had vanished quite away.

But now, disdaining trammels
  Of scale and limbless coil,
Through every grade of mammals
  We passed with upward toil.

Till anthropoid and wary,
  Appeared the parent ape,
And soon we grew less hairy,
  And soon began to drape.

So from that soft Amœba,
  In ages past and gone,
You've grown the Queen of Sheba,
  And I, King Solomon.

There is nothing better in Calverley, Praed, or Locker, than can be found in the work of Miss Naden, and it came as a surprise upon me—though I cannot say why—to find a woman writing with such freedom of expression, and such firmness of touch in this particular vein.

I think I have now said, and quoted, at least enough, to call attention to these poems, and to the striking personality of their author. They are well worth that attention, if only as signs of what we may expect from that higher education of women for which there are now equal facilities as for that of men. And here, let it be noted, that in Miss Naden's instance (and surely no woman was ever better educated, in the largest sense of that word, than she) there was no loss of womanliness, delicacy, or modesty, as the result of her studies and her attainments in those arts and sciences which were formerly held to be suited only to the masculine mind and body. Professor Lapworth says on this point—"Poet, student, philosopher, as she was, she was ever a true and tender-hearted woman; and those who knew her best only know how staunch, how dear a friend they have lost in Constance Woodhill Naden."

A THESIS ON THE FLAT-IRON.

BY EDGAR ATTKINS.

POLITICIANS and pork pies repeat themselves — an observation which has no connection with the subject: decidedly a "hard" one. But an opening sentence is necessary, and is generally deemed better at the beginning than in the middle or at the end of a paper.

Often unconsciously, but alas, frequently with painful consciousness, we are influenced by the domestic flat-iron.

It belongs to the order of birds, but has been omitted from classification by naturalists who, because they do not perceive in it the slightest sign of even rudimentary wings or flying capacity, despite the movable gizzard of the "box" variety, have, with stupendous fatuity, left its investigation to metallurgists.

The present essay will demonstrate the error of that course—most inconclusively—or its object will have failed.

Although, in consequence of a slight anatomical omission, it is compulsorily taciturn, it is gregarious in habit, being commonly found with several other members of the same family, amongst whom are diversities of size, but barely perceptible variety of shape or expression of countenance.

It is devoid of "cheek" though it is abnormally endowed with face—withal it has no head. Destitute of head, it has escaped brains; not that possession of the former necessarily imports a cargo of the latter. It is no politician. That does not result from the absence of cerebral endowment; but, having none, it is not liable to partial mental aberration, without which it is impossible to be a politician. No perfectly sane man can believe that everything one side says or does is always right, and everything the other side says or does is always wrong. None can suppose that A is "bent on bringing his country to destruction," whilst X has "made up his mind to carry wretchedness and misery into every peasant home throughout the length and breadth of the land." None can fail to see that, politically, the "independence of the press" shows itself almost exclusively by gross distortions of facts and imputations of motives which are insults to "ordinary intelligence." But withal, shall not the elector, in spite of any obvious error of judgment A may propose to make, vote for him and against X? Yea, though X shall "annex" the political opinions of A and leave him none—nay, more, if A shall turn cannibal and swallow his own opinions, shall not the voter continue to poll for A if he is to be a "consistent" politician?

The daily expenditure of one penny suffices to prevent our becoming, politically, rational beings. It is pleasant to feel sure we can find, at breakfast, that the views we impressed on Mr. Q. (when he was half asleep) last night, will be confirmed by the press. Let us compliment ourselves, and in extravagant generosity, whilst questions of currency are exciting public attention, give a blind beggar a bad penny.

There may be a great mission in store for flat-irons; the heavens may rain them on politicians. Those who possess

heads will have their skulls cracked—what hollows will be revealed—those who do not will cause great laughter as they hop away to wrap their toes in lint.

Although disqualified as a politician the iron is frequently employed as an arbitrator. This may be owing to its inability to understand anything about the case, or to the immobility of its face, which never betrays its emotions. Yet, like man, it is subject to variations of temperature. The changes may be felt, but peculiarly applicable would be the words of the poet, had he said—

They'll *see* no change in me.

For performance of the judicial functions, it is chiefly requisitioned in those periodical uxorial differences in subjects polemical, which are found indispensable for relieving the monotony of the "dull round" of matrimonial bliss. These it determines by a brief—aye, very brief—aerial though not high flight. After the hearing of the case (generally the diversion of sympathetic neighbours themselves, specialists in similar subjects), the iron is usually found on the husband's side. From this, it might be inferred it was a partial judge; but that suspicion will disappear when it is explained that the word "side" is used in a geographical sense only. Flat-irons and tears are *woman's* weapons.

Ever increasing medical knowledge has revealed that the flat-iron, far more frequently than ophthalmia, explains the wearing of coloured spectacles in a city where sun-glare is an unknown phenomenon. The writer's nephew, a most vulgar little boy, now at the age when, despite the daily establishment of a *modus vivendi*, there is always an absence of *rapprochement* between the ankles and the trousers, asserts he could say all this by "smack in the eye." His criticism is that of a volunteer tempered by

relationship. Doubtless, vulgarity will disappear, and dignity and debt develop in him with years of discretion.

It may be objected that the foregoing indicates too great a divergence from the ordinary habits of the flat-iron to be credible. But who has not seen the corner of a funeral card operating as a tooth-pick?

Its frequent appearance in domestic arbitrament has led archæologists to investigate its pedigree. The result proves it to belong to "our old nobility." Over and over again it has been shown to have "come in with the Conqueror"—and gone out with the police.

The flat-iron has much gallantry in its temperament, indubitably evidenced by its inveterately affecting feminine society. Yet, there, it is repeatedly dealt with very treacherously. See how a woman treats it in the hot stage. As if fearful lest her gentle hand should hurt its protuberant vertebral regions, she thickly folds a cloth by which to poise it, then, with marvellous rapidity, she touches it more carefully than if it were an egg, as if dreading to inflict pain on its delicate surface; next she takes a fond look at it, and coquettishly places it so near her cheek that were it a man (all things being equal) no legal penalties could restrain the impulse to reach forward to kiss her; then she holds it slanting slightly, and with her eyes refulgent with the gleam of satisfaction, purses up her lips as though she would kiss it, and—spits in its face. Ah! she cultivates her sarcasm at the cost of her good manners. Still the creature remains faithful to her. It is not reflective; all its work is on the surface.

It must be capable of much gentleness and persuasion. Note how it smoothes away all traces of those violent struggles and contortions (so suggestive of saponaceous sculptured hysterics) which may be seen in a laundry-maid's basket. Generally, it pursues the even tenor

of its way; but, not always. Often, it has been found to have conspired with the mangle to utterly annihilate what few buttons its more ponderous ally—disdaining details—may have overlooked. In some of its humours it is like a good judge, ever proclaiming his desire to do justice, and omitting no opportunity of committing for contempt.

Darwin, if he had examined its habits, would have observed that it cannot, like a dog, smile by wagging its tail, and that it generally displays, towards the male sex, what ill-feeling it possesses, necessitating an entire change in man's method of emigrating from his shirt. It is matter of common knowledge that, having removed his hat, he draws the garment (when free from structural deformity) over his head. But the power of the iron is such that it can compel "nature's noblest work" to walk out of his own shirt as if leaving the door of a hansom cab. Nay, more, it can set him doubting whether the shirt belongs to the front or the latter is the proprietor of the former. These discoveries are often made on rising. There is some trace of viciousness in this, for it must be remembered that standing on a piece of oilcloth, meditating how to put his soles under his armpits and blowing his fingers for warmth in the early hours of a winter morning, man is little inclined "to see the humour of the thing."

Cold feet and consolation are not compatible.

Very little laughter precedes hot coffee. Before it, man is more in accord with the spirit of the "gentle melancholy" of Gray.

> For who, not to insomnia a prey,
> His easing, soothing pillow e'er resigned,
> Left his warm blankets at the dawn of day,
> Nor shiv'ring, cast one longing look behind.

Whenever the garment next the waistcoat resembles the money columns of an account book the diagnosis is flat-ironitis.

The iron is not without distinguishing idiosyncrasies. Its habits of sitting—not unusual with birds—produce many unexpected results. If it deposit itself in a window pane, the latter, although usually silent, makes a hurried exit, uttering a hysterical shriek, and never rejoins its former companions.

Though no poet, it can, at a moment's notice, by seating itself amongst crockery, produce numberless "fugitive pieces."

In a degree, it possesses powers similar to those of quicksilver. Placed in a silk hat, which is hastily picked up, it forthwith finds its way through the crown, thence following the usual routine of the law of gravitation with the customary formalities. Then, in spite of his hurry, the owner of the hat, in which there is now "through ventilation," finds time to offer a "few remarks" not generally couched in the classic language known as "high diction." They shut the kitchen door—that stronghold of herrings and the odour of sanctity.

Sometimes the spine of the flat-iron may be observed peering over the brim of a fire and water defying circular culinary vessel which, in an auctioneer's catalogue, might be designated a pan. But the use of common-place expressions is not consistent with the dignity of a scientific essay. What can the iron be doing in a pan? "Distilling the irony of fate" suggests the "scientific mind." "No, it's put there to soften," says Tom, who three months since, at the suggestion of his admiring mother, discarded classics to follow his obvious talent for engineering. His speaking with so much assurance is quite natural. We are most confident about that of which we know nothing. Knowledge alone causes doubt. Perplexity is the satellite of Thought.

Tom's sister who, when she is of mature age, and

has a waist around which to walk is a day's journey, will, as now, be absurdly called Rosie, knows better than he, having studied physiology (as taught to girls) and says, "Absurd, Tom. Cook is preparing tincture of iron for poor Aunt Lazarus; I heard Jane say, last week, one of the irons was spoiled for smoothing." Rosie reasons by analogy, but time will teach her that an iron is not boiled for nutriment, and to admire that wonderful feat of the feeble who swallow a hogshead of liquid, denominated beef-tea, to obtain an ounce of nutriment, whilst rigidly avoiding the meat itself.

Strain at an ounce and swallow a barrel.

An examination of the pan reveals that the iron is again engaged in its practice of sitting, and, with unmoved gravity, is observing the error of judgment exhibited by the restlessness of a pudding or other article of diet which, without unwearied watchful attention would, at 212° F., exhibit symptoms of chorea, or a desire to see the world. By reason of the total absence of feathers, it is especially qualified for such a duty. Then, too, it is invariably bald; hair restorers have very little more effect upon it than upon the human head.

Baldness is generally accepted as evidence of adult age, though it is not the sole test. "Eaur Tom's a mon neaw; he swears i' th' house," said a little urchin.

Flat-irons know no "infancy," they are hatched at majority and never afterwards increase in size. The old theory, that they are propagated by sowing tin-tacks, has been exploded by the eminent astronomer who, after dinner, mistook the fumes of his defective kitchen flue for the "nebular system."

The iron is very hardy. To file one with a feather is regarded as exhibiting great patience or possession of ample leisure.

Although, when not irritated by a shirt, it is generally free from vicious habits, prudential considerations are opposed to interfering with its course when on the wing. It is, decidedly, more in accordance with sound judgment to adopt the course recommended (after prolonged and anxious enquiry) by the British Association, on seeing an enraged bull trotting.

Persons who disregard this will probably understand, during an indefinite period, a passage in the "Metaphysic of Ethics," relative to the "property of the causality of irrationals whereby their activity is incited and determined by the influence of foreign causes."

The human eye is said to be able to arrest the progress of a bull in a hurry. In more recent times oculists of indisputable eminence have agreed that the eye which attempts the feat—unless from a tree or a high wall—secures permanent immunity from the necessity of wearing spectacles.

The flat-iron may safely be approached when it has alighted—a point on which the aural nerves never entertain a doubt.

It has an acute ear for philological distinctions, thus it "triturates" sugar, but "crushes" brickdust.

It is never found amongst works of art. It is invincible in competition with the finest picture or statue, in the appearance of which it can effect changes somewhat inimical to identity. After a mere flying visit from this article a statue of Apollo may well be supposed to represent Pompeii, but not *before* the earthquake; whilst the appearance of a picture of a clerical procession may be transformed into a "storm at sea"; the general effect being such as might be anticipated from a book produced by Artemus Ward and Carlyle in collaboration.

As a musician it has only achieved partial success; the

drum is the only instrument from which it can extract the full volume of sound but, as under its execution the same drum never emits a second note, the number of instruments and of notes must be equal, consequently its harmony is—although not necessarily high-class—decidedly expensive. Then, too, the question of room is prohibitive, as it is not practicable to rent the entire "realm of nature" for drum space. No; the greatest admirer of the flat-iron must admit that, as a musician, its performance is no better than that of a high ecclesiastical dignitary reading a few simple sentences; often the most excruciating exhibition of the century, not surpassed by that of a cook interpreting a physician's prescription, upside down, to a Latin scholar suffering from acute nervous irritability.

We scarcely die without the offices of the flat-iron. "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." Yet, who would use a crumpled winding sheet for one "loved long since and lost awhile"? This long funeral we call life would be a melancholy business were it not for the humours of its burial service.

The flat-iron should always appear on the judicial bench. "Oh, of course, to convey an impressive hint to counsel when the judge thinks he has spoken long enough, or to hold up to the prisoner to inform him his six months are to be 'hard.'" No, for neither purpose. We are too quick to draw inferences, almost always unfavourable. If we hear "woman's voice flow forth in song" and then say, "two penn'orth," do we assume she is buying chips? If we see on a friend's piano a pair of trousers in obvious need of the wash-tub, do we infer he has perfected a system of practical mnemonics?

On the bench the iron would represent the force and power of law; how effectively it can smooth away those numerous injustices we so willingly perpetrate on each

other; how it can defeat those who would fly into its face, hold down and crush the most riotous; and, if need be, destroy life itself, all with impassivity and without appearance of sorrow, sympathy, or anger.

It has been asserted that the flat iron is a bird; also that it has no wings or feathers, and can only take very short flights. Apart from the circumstance that it seems to sit a good deal—which, when tired, many other things do—every point adduced controverts the theory. Indeed, so far, it would seem equally reasonable to assert that because a flat fluke is a fish, so is a far flatter flat-iron.

Ex antecedentibus et consequentibus fit optima interpretatio; otherwise, as interpreted at Cambridge, "don't jump to conclusions," or, as at Oxford, "beware of intellectual leapfrog." It is a solemn moment to a writer when he decides to stake all the Latin he knows in one essay, but comforting to readers to feel assured there can, therefore, be no further confusion of classics and flat-irons.

Logicians, avaunt! If all speech and action were regulated by logic, there would be fewer shirt-fronts in the stalls and more laundresses' bills paid; the artless prattle of infancy were no more heard: neither the voice of song and the earth would become the "Silent Land" wherein men's shadows were cast only as are those of statues—fixed and immovable. It is the glory of a scientific thesis, that it is independent of, and supreme to, the six rules of the syllogism.

The postulate of this one admits of no casuistical reasoning. Unlike the doctrine of transubstantiation, poking a fire, or the management of infants when teething, it leaves no room for doubt.

It is a fact, and therefore, indisputable, that though dental and digestive considerations alike render the flat-iron inedible, it is, when used by a tailor—a goose.

A NOTE ON CLOUGH'S "AMBARVALIA."

BY C. E. TYRER.

THERE has recently come into my hands a copy of the very scarce little volume of poems published in 1849 by Arthur Hugh Clough, conjointly with Thomas Burbidge, under the title of "Ambarvalia." It was not Clough's first literary venture, having been preceded a few months by the "Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich," or, as it was afterwards called, "Tober-na-Vuolich," written in Liverpool, in 1848, soon after his farewell to the University of Oxford. The poems included in the "Ambarvalia" belong entirely, or almost entirely, to the Oxford period, the earliest bearing date 1840 (according to later editions, for none of the verses here are dated), when Clough had already been for three years a scholar of Balliol. The title of the book, I should say, is taken from the sacrificial rites performed by a Roman College of priests, called "Fratres Arvales," for the blessing of the fields in the Ager Romanus.

The chief interest, of course, in the portion of the book contributed by Clough, lies in the comparison of the verses

here included with the later editions of his poem. On going through the poems by Clough in "Ambarvalia," which occupy 64 pages, or somewhat less than a half of the thin little 12mo, I find that there are some ten pages in all not reproduced either in the collection made by his friend, F. T. Palgrave (now Professor of Poetry at Oxford), and published in 1862, or in the "Poems and Literary Remains" (the completest edition of his writings in prose and verse), which appeared in two volumes in 1869. Mr. Palgrave, in his introduction, speaks of some pieces in "Ambarvalia" as having been marked by their author for omission, and as thus not appearing in his collection. I am not sure that any of these pieces has any great value, poetical or otherwise, and Clough may have acted wisely in wishing to suppress them. As a specimen, and I think a favourable one, I will give the following, which, like most of Clough's poems in "Ambarvalia," has no title.* It deals, like so many of his pieces, with the conflict between the ideal and the actual, between the aspirations of the spirit and the limitations imposed on man by circumstances and his moral nature:—

I.

Ah, what is love, our love, she said,
  Ah, what is human love?
A fire, of earthly fuel fed,
  Full fain to soar above.
With lambent flame the void it lips,
  And of the impassive air
Would frame for its ambitious steps
  A heaven-attaining stair.
It wrestles and it climbs—Ah, me,
  Go look in little space,
White ash on blackened earth will be
  Sole record of its place.

* The titles afterwards given to many of his shorter poems were probably, in most cases, added by his editors. He usually gives no title, or at most a short phrase or sentence, Greek, Latin, or English.

II.

Ah, love, high love, she said and sighed,
  She said, the Poet's love!
A star, upon a turbid tide,
  Reflected from above.
A marvel here, a glory there,
  But clouds will intervene,
And garish earthly noon outglare
  The purity serene.

Of Thomas Burbidge, Clough's partner in this little volume, I have been able to gather but very scanty information. He was probably a contemporary of Clough's at Rugby and Oxford, and he is referred to by Clough in some of the Oxford letters, one or two of which indeed are addressed to him as the Rev. T. Burbidge. According to Mr. Waddington ("A. H. Clough: a Monograph") he was in 1882 British chaplain at Palermo; and as his name does not appear in the "Dictionary of National Biography," it may be presumed he is still living. He is not mentioned in Allibone (where, also, in the catalogue of Clough's writings, the "Ambarvalia" does not occur), but in the Catalogue of the British Museum there are several books by him, chiefly volumes of poems, one of which dates as far back as 1838.

The matter contributed by Burbidge to "Ambarvalia" is somewhat larger than the share which belongs to Clough. His verses are the outpourings of a brooding, contemplative mind, devout and earnest, and are cast in a great variety of measures; but the thought is often expressed somewhat obscurely, the language is not unfrequently abrupt, and there is generally wanting that satisfying perfection which results from the absolute subordination of the matter of a poem to the form in which it is clothed. Burbidge, like Henry Vaughan, or his fellow-poet Clough, or our townsman Henry S. Sutton, is more occupied with what he has to say than with the fashion in which he says

it. But kindred spirits will not fail to feel the charm of such pieces as "An Idiot Child"—a truly Wordsworthian strain—or "To the Pines of the Cascine at Florence," or "The Daisy in the South." The latter poem, not free as it is from the writer's vice of obscurity, may be quoted as a fair specimen of his power, and as another poetical tribute to "the wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," which our bards from Chaucer to Henry Septimius Sutton have so delighted to honour:—

This, this a daisy! gayest flower
I left at home, yet meekest!
This flaunting flatterer of the hour,
Seen e'er thou seest or seekest;
A daisy this!—then call pretence
Reserve, call meekness impudence!

Thou foolish clime, that could'st betray
By pampering this beauty
The loveliest image which the day
Beheld of cheerful Duty;
'Tis more than Fancy weeps the cost
Of such a type to Nature lost.

There are conversions of the eye;
Tumultuary accesses,
Obtained e'er passion can deny
Into the soul's recesses,
May make a flower of this pure sense,
A teacher above recompense.

And what for childhood's opening heart,
Perceptions ever growing,
What might not such a fount impart,
Perpetually flowing;
Besprinkling field and rock and lane
With wisdom of this English strain?

O gay Italian land, to me
In all thy wondrous glory
Is something still I fain would see,
More staid, less transitory,
A charm my heart has often found
Couched in the Daisy's simple round.

In the following piece, an address in blank verse "To Aganippe" (a little spring familiar to the poet, it would appear, during his Rugby days, and now revisited after a long absence abroad), occurs this beautiful passage about the pine forests:—

> Delicious nest
> Of shadow, with sweet inlet for the sun
> Through loopholes of the orange or the vine
> Have I enjoyed, while veins of crystal water
> Broke at my side from mountains lost in air;
> Sweet chapels of the pinewoods, odorous
> With natural incense, where a million stems
> On every side with all their lights and shades
> Made glimmering walls, that, serving to confine
> The worshipping fancy, sank before the eye
> Each in an endless distance, an abyss
> Of columns, exquisitely soaring up
> From mossy floors, smooth as a tranquil lake,
> Into the figured darkness overhead;
> Nor (nearer thine kind, sweet native cell!)
> Among soft hills by rivers broad and soft,
> Have nooks and quiet foldings of the banks
> Green as thyself, been wanting, where to sit
> Watching an evening sun, or leisurely
> Tracking the leisure of the noonday clouds.

But it is perhaps among the sonnets at the end of the book that its most satisfactory pieces are to be found. One on "Prayer," the last poem in the book, has found its way into the notes in the late Mr. Main's "Treasury of English Sonnets," where it is compared with sonnets by Trench and and H. S. Sutton on the same theme. The following, on "London," has, I think, fine qualities, and may come home to dwellers in Manchester:—

> O City, ever wrapt in thine own mist!
> Exempt almost from change of night and day,
> Little thou knowest of the dawn-lights gay
> Or the pale tower by sunset's glory kissed.
> Thee the wild Thunder, bully as he list,
> Can scarce make hearken: the defenceless Snow
> Is soiled beneath thy footsteps ere thou know
> How fair a thing thine arrogance oppressed.

So reign'st Thou—in thy calm obscurity
Not wanting grandeur, though it be no more
Than that of a vain world, to whom unknown
Heaven's mercies gently call, Heaven's warnings roar,
While in a dim complacence of its own
Enwrapt, it lets the life of life pass by.

Probably some of the quotations I have given will suffice to show that Burbidge is a man of some genuine poetical power, much indebted, it would seem, to Wordsworth, of whose language we are not unfrequently reminded. Like Aubrey de Vere (another disciple of the Bard of Rydal), his vein is too contemplative; he is too much occupied with the spiritual significance of things ever to obtain even a moderate degree of popularity, while the music of his verse, delicate in its way, as it sometimes is, appeals rather to some finer inward sensibility of the heart and the spirit than to "the sensorial ear."

A VISIT TO HAFOD, CARDIGANSHIRE.

BY DR. A. EMRYS-JONES.

TO those of us that are compelled to spend a large proportion of the year in the city of Manchester, which enjoys an unenviable notoriety for its high death-rate and its humidity, it is truly a day of rejoicing when the possibility of even a short respite occurs.

When we bid farewell to London Road, Victoria, or Exchange Stations, and take the last sniff of the odoriferous Irwell, and say adieu to the tall chimneys that are alike pointed out as evidence of our wealth and sources of the pollution of our atmosphere, we feel then, at any rate, satisfied to have endured all these ills, because they have been the means of awakening in us a depth of admiration for the beautiful, which would be absolutely impossible without this sense of contrast. Early last August I started for Aberystwyth, beautifully situated on the Cardigan bay, and while there I visited a place called Hafod, which is the subject of this paper. Hafod, the meaning of which is a "summer abode," is about sixteen miles distant

from Aberystwyth, and in pre-railroad days was a very inaccessible spot; but now a short railway journey on the Manchester and Milford line—so called because it has no connection whatever with either of these places—brings us to a station called Trawscoed, anglicised into Crosswood, and named after the seat of Lord Lisburne. Through the kindness of the present occupiers of Hafod—Mr. and Mrs. Waddingham—my way wended through varied and delightful scenery, and here and there were visible signs of lead mines that once upon a time brought great wealth to their owners, but which now are of little good, and scarcely worth working. The Hafod grounds are very extensive, and every inch of them, we might say, bears testimony to the enthusiastic labours of Colonel Thomas Johnes, who became the possessor of the estate about 1780, through marriage with the heiress of the Herbert family.

Before Johnes' time the whole district was quite a wilderness. Nature, of course, was romantic before as Nature always is; bare, rugged, naked hills abounded, and streams and torrents rushed impetuously to join the river Ystwyth which runs its tortuous course through the Hafod grounds. Johnes conceived a plan for planting the whole district, and carried it out at enormous expense.

From 1795 to 1801 he planted two millions sixty-five thousand trees, of which one million two hundred thousand were larches. Acres of acorns were also sown, and many classic and ornamental trees were interspersed. The result of all this is that to-day the surroundings of Hafod are among the most beautiful in Wales. This man not only proved that apparently useless land might be rendered useful as well as beautiful, but he became a truly ideal landlord and a benefactor to his county. He brought experienced farmers to the district to show

the natives a better way, he instituted dairy schools, established agricultural societies, and investigated the merits of the various breeds of milch cows, etc.

It may be wondered what all this has to do with literature, but I think that what I shall have to say of Mr. Johnes' literary work afterwards will be a protest against an assumption that is far too prevalent that the pursuit of literature or even keen literary tastes tend to produce perhaps a pleasant but a dreamy impractical kind of human being, and not an ideal benefactor of his race in other spheres.

Johnes, in 1783, built a magnificent mansion, and within its walls might be found the most choice examples of art, collected from all parts of the world, and one of the finest private libraries in the kingdom, full of rare books and unique manuscripts. He set up a printing press in the grounds, and one of its first productions was the valuable "Advice to His Tenants, by a Cardiganshire Landlord." From this press were issued also, "Memoirs of the Life of Froissart," translated by Johnes from the French of St. Palaye, 8vo (1802), and again 4to (1810); "The Chronicles of England, France, Spain, and other Countries," translated from the French of Sir John Froissart (by Johnes), 4 vols., 4to; 3rd edition, 10 vols., 8vo (1806); "Memoirs of John Lord de Joinville," also translated by Johnes from the French, 2 vols., 4to (1807); "The Travels of Bertraudon de la Brocquiere to Palestine," 8vo (1807); "The Chronicles of Monstrelet, with Notes," 5 vols., 4to, or 12 vols., 8vo (1810). I think this list alone will prove that Johnes was no idler, but in addition to these literary labours of love, he was for many years M.P. and Lord Lieutenant for the county of Cardigan. He was a steward of the Crown manors, and auditor of the landed revenues for Wales.

In 1807 Hafod was burnt down, the estimated loss being £70,000. Its owner immediately set about rebuilding it, but never saw it completed, for he died in 1816 at Langstone Cliff, near Exeter, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

In 1833 Hafod was bought by the Duke of Newcastle, who made many additions to it. It was afterwards owned by Sir H. Hoghton, of Hoghton Towers, Lancashire, and by Mr. William Chambers, of Llanelly. It is now occupied by Mr. Waddingham, a gentleman deservedly held in high respect by the natives. He is an Englishman who very properly has married a Welsh wife. He has learnt the language thoroughly, and it pleased my heart to see that among his favourite books was the Welsh volume of the poetry of Davydd-ap-Gwilym. No Welshman will object to the invasion of his country by such men as these. Our pet aversions are the English Philistines, devoid of education and brain culture, who come to sneer at our language, religion, customs, pursuits, without showing us, by example or precept, better substitutes. It is pleasant to think that at Hafod the traditions of old Johnes are venerated. The place is still haunted by literary associations, and I feel sure nothing would give Mr. Waddingham greater pleasure than to welcome any book-lover to his sumptuous library.

The visitor to Hafod must not miss seeing the Church on the hill, Eglwys Newydd, in which is placed one of Chantrey's chief masterpieces. It is a white marble monument, in memory of Miss Johnes. It represents the father realising the fact of his daughter's death; the mother, in great doubt whether the recumbent figure of her daughter is asleep or dead.

I spent a most enjoyable day at Hafod, and wished all those favoured of fortune were like old Johnes, an ideal landlord, neighbour, and friend, and withal, a devoted

lover of literature; and I cannot conclude this short sketch better than by reading the lines referring to Mr. Johnes' death, in the Cambrian Register for 1818:—

Let learning, arts, let universal worth,
Lament the patron lost,—a friend and judge.
I, too, remember well that cheerful bowl
Which round his table flow'd. The serious there
Mix'd with the sportive, with the learn'd the plain;
Mirth soften'd wisdom, candour temper'd mirth,
And wit its honey lent, without its sting.

But far beyond the bounds
Of family, or friends, or native land,
By just degrees, and with proportion'd flame,
Blended his benevolence. A friend
To human kind, to parent Nature's work—
Of free access, and of engaging grace,—
He kept a candid judging ear for all,
And spread an open countenance, where smil'd
The fair effulgence of an open heart;
With equal ray his ready goodness shone,
For nothing human foreign was to him.

SONNETS.

BY ALFRED EDMESTON.

EARTH SHADOW.

I.

THE sun has gone, and o'er earth's slumb'ring zone
Night draws, in gloomy folds, her thickest veil;
Veil so impervious that the dark clouds sail
Through darkness that is deeper than their own.
I stand within earth's shadow, sad, alone,
Like him of old who o'er the pleasant vale
First saw the darkness steal, and, with a wail
Of terror, deemed the day for ever gone.

So life, too, hath its glooms as deep as this,
When the heart sees but its own shadow, cast
On all the future;—lacks hope's secret ray—
Hope still undying, harbinger of bliss,—
Bidding us wait till night be overpast,
And, perfected, we turn to perfect day.

II.

See how the wind, with angry breath, the screen
Of vapour rends, and lets the moon smile down,
Making our gloom her glory and her crown.
But 'tis that hour—by Science long foreseen—

When earth's dull, mighty mass shall roll between
The sun and satellite, and in a frown
Of grossest shadow her calm beauty drown,
Obscure her smile, o'ercloud her silvery sheen.

And as e'en now o'er her clear face there glides
The shadow of a world turned from the day,
Man, turning from some highest impulse, hides
Not from himself alone the heaven-sent ray:
For his reflected darkness, like a blight,
Falls on some sunless soul athirst for light.

III.

Ye silent, tireless teachers of the night,
Whose beams come filtering through unmeasured space,
Speak to my heart; o'er it old themes retrace—
Still ever new—in pencillings of light.
Your rays, now thrilling 'twixt mine eyelids, fled
Their starry home ere yet I saw the day;
So earthly eyes may catch, in flight, midway,
The last faint flicker of some sun long dead.

Thus glows a good deed when the doer lies
Cold and forgotten in his last, long sleep;
Brings gladness into lives he could not see;
And courage into hearts where courage dies;
Beams on some path o'er which death-shadows creep
And like a star shines through eternity.